

The Daily Mirror

No. 436.

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MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

PRINCESS PATRICIA.



It is rumoured that negotiations have been suggested for the marriage of Princess Patricia of Connaught to King Alfonso of Spain.—(Lafayette.)

HYDE PARK IN SUNDAY'S SUNSHINE.



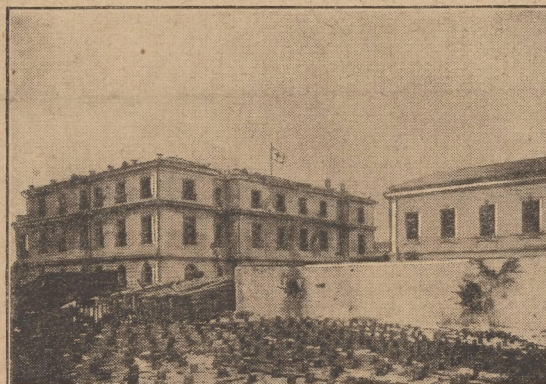
The scene in Hyde Park after yesterday morning's service was brilliant in the extreme, a gaily-dressed crowd thronging the promenades in the welcome sunlight.

KING ALFONSO.



King Alfonso of Spain, who, it is rumoured, is about to become engaged to Princess Patricia, is in his nineteenth year, and two months younger than the Princess.—(Franzen.)

PORT ARTHUR HOSPITAL DAMAGED BY SHELLS.



This photograph shows the damage done to the Russian Red Cross Hospital at Port Arthur by the Japanese shells. General Stoessel complained of the hospital being hit by General Nogi, who expressed regret, but said he was unable to avoid such damage being done.

GIANT DIAMOND REACHES LONDON



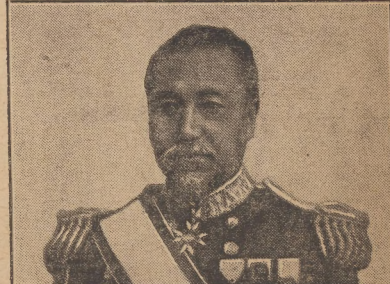
The "Cullinan" diamond, the largest in the world, is reported to have been delivered at the Standard Bank of South Africa in London on Saturday. It was found in the Premier Mine, Transvaal, last month, its weight being 3,032 carats and its size 4 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in.

MAXIME GORKY TO BE TRIED.



It is announced that the Russian authorities have decided to prosecute Maxim Gorky, the famous Russian novelist, for disturbing public order. The highest penalty for the offence is three years' imprisonment.

ADMIRAL TOGO, THE NELSON OF JAPAN



No confirmation of the rumour that Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats had sunk two of the vessels of Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron is yet to hand, but the world is anxiously awaiting the daring Japanese Commander's next move.

BIRTHS.

BULFIN.—On March 22, at 31, Central-hill, Upper Norwood, the wife of Major and Brevet Lieutenant Colonel E. P. Bulfin, 1st Battalion the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, of a daughter.

CROWLEY.—On the 22nd inst., at Bramley Mead, Addiscombe-grove, Croydon, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Crawford Crowley.

KENNEDY.—On March 22, at 113, Balaam-street, Plaisio, E. the wife of Angus Edmond Kennedy, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BROWNE-BROWNE.—On the 23rd inst., at the Vanbrugh Park Presbyterian Church, Blackheath, by the Rev. J. H. Thompson, R.A., Rev. J. H. Thompson, Lloyd Browne, R.A., youngest son of Sir B. C. Browne, of West-acre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Alice Fancourt Ode Browne, daughter of the late C. Ode Browne, R.A., of 11, The Paragon, Blackheath.

DEATHS.

CARSTAIRS.—On March 23, suddenly, in Norris-street, Haymarket, Major Charles Carstairs, retired, late 22nd Regt.

DAVIS.—On March 23, at 5, Highbury-grove, N., Emily Davis, wife of Henry Wheeler Davis, C.E., aged 65.

GAGNE.—On March 23, suddenly, at Indwood, Albury-road, West Dulwich, J. W. Gagne, Common Councilman for the City of London, aged 70.

NICOLAS.—At his residence, 10, Devonport-street, London, W., Nicolas Harris Nicolas, C.B., eldest son of the late Sir Harris Nicolas, K.T., M.P., and late of the Exchequer and Audit Dept., Somerset House, after a short illness, in his 79th year.

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EVERY EVENING (except Mondays) at 8.30.
A MAN'S SHADOW.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
TO-NIGHT, at 8, HAMLET.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15.
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
(Last 3 performances for the present.)
LAST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S. MOLLENTREAVE ON WOMEN.
By Alfred Sells. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 sharp.
AT 8, A MAKER OF MEN, by Alfred Sells.
AT 10.30, HOW HE LED TO HER HUSBAND.
By Bernard Shaw.
MATINEE all plays EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.
ST. JAMES'S—2nd Floor, 1st Manager, Mr. Geo. Alexander.

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KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,006 Hop.
NIGHTLY, at 8.45, MATINEE, THURSDAY, at 2.30.
The successful Musical Comedy, THE GAY PARISIENNE, from the Duke of York's Theatre. Powerful company, including Mr. LIONEL RIGOLD in his original part and Mr. CHAS. MACDONA.

CORONET THEATRE.—Tel. 1,273 Kens.
NIGHTLY, at 8, MATINEE, SAT., at 2.30.
MR. LEWIS WALLER and Co. in the powerfully dramatic play, ZAZA, and the new Russian play, VILMA.

LONDON THEATRE.—Tel. 228 K.C.
NIGHTLY, at 7.45, MATINEE, SAT., at 2.30.
George Edwards's Company, production, scenery, and dress, direct from the Theatre, London, in the Romantic Light Opera in 3 acts.

THE DUCHESS OF DANZIG.
T. W. Love. Miss Edith Fink.
Mr. Herbert Clayton. Miss Lina Love.
Mr. Leonard May. Miss Kate Trull. and
Mr. Matthew Brodie. Miss Amy Augarde.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.—Tel. 412 Hop.
NIGHTLY, at 7.45, MATINEE, WED., at 2.15.
The enormously successful Comedy Drama, BEARS ADRIFT.
See the great Airship Scene.

FULHAM THEATRE.—Tel. 376 Kens.
NIGHTLY, at 8, MATINEE, SAT., at 2.30.
LYNNE, Miss LILLIAN DUNDAS and Co. SPECIAL SOUVENIR NIGHTS, MONDAY, March 27, and FRIDAY, March 31. Half West End prices at all Theatres.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross.
PROGRAMME at 12 noon and 6 p.m.
PORT ARTHUR. Grand War Spectacle with wonderful effects on revolving stage. LOUE LULLY in weird and beautiful new scene. THE DANCE OF THE DEATH. HELEN AND CHILDREN'S Charming Song Scenes. MY GOLLYWOOD—WILL BISHOP and Dancers. THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS. MISS WATSON. Comic Song Scenes. New Picture Songs and Varieties.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross.
PROGRAMME at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.
The Prima Donna MADAME ALICE EASY as "San-Antonio" in the first scene from CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. MISS WINIFRED HARRIS in new Grand Song Scenes. FINEST REJOICINGS and in the DAYS OF SWIFT. MISS MARY AMBROSE and Choir. Song Scenes EXTRA GAZANZA. G. FODOR and GAZANZA. MISS MADGE LESSING in two new Song Scenes. THE LITTLE BOY CALLED PARS and ROSA ANNA. THE GREAT DERBY RACE. New Picture Songs and High-Class Varieties.
Telegrams: "Coliseum, London." Telephone No. 7699
Carrard for Boxes, £2 2s and 21s, and 4s, 3s, and 2s. Under and 7599 Carrard for 1s and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half price at all stalls.

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TWO NIGHTS, 26 and 27, Matinee Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Popular Prices. Children half-price.
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Twice daily at 8.0. Violoncello. Asphaltic Rink.
40 and 60. Charlie Elliott. Organ Recital.
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1030, 1035, 1040, 1045, 1050, 1055, 1060, 1065, 1070, 1075, 1080, 1085, 1090, 1095, 1100, 1105, 1110, 1115, 1120, 1125, 1130, 1135, 1140, 1145, 1150, 1155, 1160, 1165, 1170, 1175, 1180, 1185, 1190, 1195, 1200, 1205, 1210, 1215, 1220, 1225, 1230, 1235, 1240, 1245, 1250, 1255, 1260, 1265, 1270, 1275, 1280, 1285, 1290, 1295, 1300, 1305, 1310, 1315, 1320, 1325, 1330, 1335, 1340, 1345, 1350, 1355, 1360, 1365, 1370, 1375, 1380, 1385, 1390, 1395, 1400, 1405, 1410, 1415, 1420, 1425, 1430, 1435, 1440, 1445, 1450, 1455, 1460, 1465, 1470, 1475, 1480, 1485, 1490, 1495, 1500, 1505, 1510, 1515, 1520, 1525, 1530, 1535, 1540, 1545, 1550, 1555, 1560, 1565, 1570, 1575, 1580, 1585, 1590, 1595, 1600, 1605, 1610, 1615, 1620, 1625, 1630, 1635, 1640, 1645, 1650, 1655, 1660, 1665, 1670, 1675, 1680, 1685, 1690, 1695, 1700, 1705, 1710, 1715, 1720, 1725, 1730, 1735, 1740, 1745, 1750, 1755, 1760, 1765, 1770, 1775, 1780, 1785, 1790, 1795, 1800, 1805, 1810, 1815, 1820, 1825, 1830, 1835, 1840, 1845, 1850, 1855, 1860, 1865, 1870, 1875, 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910, 1915, 1920, 1925, 1930, 1935, 1940, 1945, 1950, 1955, 1960, 1965, 1970, 1975, 1980, 1985, 1990, 1995, 2000, 2005, 2010, 2015, 2020, 2025, 2030, 2035, 2040, 2045, 2050, 2055, 2060, 2065, 2070, 2075, 2080, 2085, 2090, 2095, 2100, 2105, 2110, 2115, 2120, 2125, 2130, 2135, 2140, 2145, 2150, 2155, 2160, 2165, 2170, 2175, 2180, 2185, 2190, 2195, 2200, 2205, 2210, 2215, 2220, 2225, 2230, 2235, 2240, 2245, 2250, 2255, 2260, 2265, 2270, 2275, 2280, 2285, 2290, 2295, 2300, 2305, 2310, 2315, 2320, 2325, 2330, 2335, 2340, 2345, 2350, 2355, 2360, 2365, 2370, 2375, 2380, 2385, 2390, 2395, 2400, 2405, 2410, 2415, 2420, 2425, 2430, 2435, 2440, 2445, 2450, 2455, 2460, 2465, 2470, 2475, 2480, 2485, 2490, 2495, 2500, 2505, 2510, 2515, 2520, 2525, 2530, 2535, 2540, 2545, 2550, 2555, 2560, 2565, 2570, 2575, 2580, 2585, 2590, 2595, 2600, 2605, 2610, 2615, 2620, 2625, 2630, 2635, 2640, 2645, 2650, 2655, 2660, 2665, 2670, 2675, 2680, 2685, 2690, 2695, 2700, 2705, 2710, 2715, 2720, 2725, 2730, 2735, 2740, 2745, 2750, 2755, 2760, 2765, 2770, 2775, 2780, 2785, 2790, 2795, 2800, 2805, 2810, 2815, 2820, 2825, 2830, 2835, 2840, 2845, 2850, 2855, 2860, 2865, 2870, 2875, 2880, 2885, 2890, 2895, 2900, 2905, 2910, 2915, 2920, 2925, 2930, 2935, 2940, 2945, 2950, 2955, 2960, 2965, 2970, 2975, 2980, 2985, 2990, 2995, 3000, 3005, 3010, 3015, 3020, 3025, 3030, 3035, 3040, 3045, 3050, 3055, 3060, 3065, 3070, 3075, 3080, 3085, 3090, 3095, 3100, 3105, 3110, 3115, 3120, 3125, 3130, 3135, 3140, 3145, 3150, 3155, 3160, 3165, 3170, 3175, 3180, 3185, 3190, 3195, 3200, 3205, 3210, 3215, 3220, 3225, 3230, 3235, 3240, 3245, 3250, 3255, 3260, 3265, 3270, 3275, 3280, 3285, 3290, 3295, 3300, 3305, 3310, 3315, 3320, 3325, 3330, 3335, 3340, 3345, 3350, 3355, 3360, 3365, 3370, 3375, 3380, 3385, 3390, 3395, 3400, 3405, 3410, 3415, 3420, 3425, 3430, 3435, 3440, 3445, 3450, 3455, 3460, 3465, 3470, 3475, 3480, 3485, 3490, 3495, 3500, 3505, 3510, 3515, 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5180, 5185, 5190, 5195, 5200, 5205, 5210, 5215, 5220, 5225, 5230, 5235, 5240, 5245, 5250, 5255, 5260, 5265, 5270, 5275, 5280, 5285, 5290, 5295, 5300, 5305, 5310, 5315, 5320, 5325, 5330, 5335, 5340, 5345, 5350, 5355, 5360, 5365, 5370, 5375, 5380, 5385, 5390, 5395, 5400, 5405, 5410, 5415, 5420, 5425, 5430, 5435, 5440, 5445, 5450, 5455, 5460, 5465, 5470, 5475, 5480, 5485, 5490, 5495, 5500, 5505, 5510, 5515, 5520, 5525, 5530, 5535, 5540, 5545, 5550, 5555, 5560, 5565, 5570, 5575, 5580, 5585, 5590, 5595, 5600, 5605, 5610, 5615, 5620, 5625, 5630, 5635, 5640, 5645, 5650, 5655, 5660, 5665, 5670, 5675, 5680, 5685, 5690, 5695, 5700, 5705, 5710, 5715, 5720, 5725, 5730, 5735, 5740, 5745, 5750, 5755, 5760, 5765, 5770, 5775, 5780, 5785, 5790, 5795, 5800, 5805, 5810, 5815, 5820, 5825, 5830, 5835, 5840, 5845, 5850, 5855, 5860, 5865, 5870, 5875, 5880, 5885, 5890, 5895, 5900, 5905, 5910, 5915, 5920, 5925, 5930, 5935, 5940, 5945, 5950, 5955, 5960, 5965, 5970, 5975, 5980, 5985, 5990, 5995, 6000, 6005, 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FICKLE TSAR SIGHS FOR PEACE.

Change of Opinion Takes
Place in the Russian Court.

MISSING FLEETS.

Unexplained Mystery of the War-
ships Seen Near Colombo.

The desire for peace has now penetrated even the Court circle in Russia.

It is understood that the vacillating Tsar, who has so often declared his stern resolve to prosecute the war to a favourable conclusion, now longs for its termination.

Nowhere is the change more evident than in France, where negotiations for a Russian loan are once more in progress. The inference is that the French bankers, who would no longer supply money for the prosecution of a hopeless war, have been made aware of the changed attitude of Russian officialdom.

PEACEMAKER WANTED.

Intervention of France and America Would
Be Welcomed.

PARIS, Saturday.—The "Petit Parisien" gives the following from its St. Petersburg correspondent:—"A very well-informed diplomatic correspondent declares that a complete change of opinion has now set in at Tsarskoe Selo. The peace party is gaining adherents every day. The peace conditions have even been considered.

"This personage is convinced that if the French Government loyally and frankly offered its good services the latter would be accepted, and that even if the United States offered their good services to Japan they would not be rejected.

"The French and German Ambassadors deny that their Governments have laid down the bases of an agreement, having for its object the joint offer of their good offices to Russia and Japan. It is also denied that the United States has undertaken any negotiations of such a kind."—Reuter.

WHERE ARE THE FLEETS?

Naval Engagement Between Togo and
Rojevstevsky Imminent.

No confirmation has been received of the rumour that two Russian warships of the Baltic Fleet had been sunk by Japanese torpedo-boats.

Indeed, the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of the opposing fleets is only increased by the latest reports.

A Reuter message from Port Louis states that investigation tends to discredit the report of a steamer from Colombo having sighted the Russian fleet on the night of March 16.

The Japanese fleet seen off Singapore seems also to have disappeared. There is little reason to doubt that Admiral Rojevstevsky has steamed eastward, and any day may bring the news of an engagement.

TOO MANY PRISONERS.

Japan's Fear of a Rising of 65,000 Captured
Russians.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—The question of the 65,000 Russian prisoners now in the hands of the Japanese, of whom 3,000 have been sent to Matsuyama, is becoming the subject of much anxiety to their captors, it being feared that in the event of a rising among the prisoners the troops now remaining in Japan would be powerless against them.

It is stated that the Mikado will shortly issue an order permitting the prisoners to return to Russia by way of Oklaia.

Military operations at the front are confined almost entirely to reconnoitring movements, which General Linievitch is carrying out with great thoroughness.—Central News.

ARMIES IN TOUCH.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—Telegraphing yesterday, General Linievitch says:—"One of our patrols was fired upon from a village which was occupied by a squadron of Japanese cavalry and a section of infantry." On the 23rd our cavalry drove back a force of Japanese cavalry. On the same day, on our extreme left flank, a small mounted detachment was attacked by several Japanese squadrons. Our cavalry sent to the assistance of the detachment forced the Japanese cavalry back, their retreat being covered by infantry."—Reuter.

PEASANT WAR.

Armed Moujiks Commit Excesses and
Present an Ultimatum.

The peasant war in various parts of the Russian empire continues.

According to a Reuter telegram, a band of 350 peasants of the township of Chidari Wandisiya, in the district of Schorapan, broke into the local school, which is under the Ministry of Public Instruction, shouting "Hurrah for freedom and brotherhood; down with the old regime," and destroyed the doors, windows, and furniture, tore up a portrait of the Tsar and all the papers and books.

Similar excesses were committed in the house of the estate-steward of a Greek monastery, and in the evening another private house was wrecked. Extensive damage was done to the forests belonging to the State property of Muckranskoje by peasants belonging to three villages close by.

The representatives of these villages subsequently appeared at the estate office accompanied by representatives of eleven other villages and by a band of 800 peasants armed with guns and sticks, and made a number of demands.

The men finally declared themselves in complete solidarity with the Russian revolutionary party and fixed Monday, March 27, as the time-limit for the satisfaction of their demands. After that date, they added, they reserved themselves freedom of action.

Troops have been dispatched.—Reuter.

BOMBS IN A GRAVEYARD.

WARSAW, Saturday.—The police to-day discovered eighty bombs hidden in a brick grave in the Pavovski Cemetery. Some arrests are reported to have been made in connection with the matter.—Reuter.

CORKY CHARGED WITH TREASON.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The trial of Maxime Gorky will take place in the Court of Justice here on May 13 before a jury, but with closed doors. The exact charge will be inciting the public to hatred of the Government, and to overthrow it. The highest penalty for the offence is three years' detention in a fortress.—Reuter.

WINNER OF HEARTS.

Queen Alexandra Leaves Lisbon, Where She
Charmed a Whole Nation.

Queen Alexandra concluded her visit to Lisbon on Saturday, and proceeded on the Victoria and Albert to Cadiz, for the purpose of visiting the Countess of Paris.

A charming and courtly speech, made by King Carlos in proposing the health of her Majesty, has just been reported.

"Madam," said the King, "I am happy to be able to thank your Majesty in the name of my mother for the pleasure you have given her, and for the honour you have conferred upon myself by coming here. I take the opportunity of expressing to you our thanks for your visit.

"Will your Majesty accept the assurance that you are loved by us all?

"By your charm, by your qualities, and by your grace you have won our hearts. You must have seen how completely your King has won the hearts of all Portuguese.

"More than in my words you will have seen these sentiments in the joyous manifestations which have greeted you."

"A PRINCE OF PEACE."

German Diplomat Pays a Glowing Tribute to
the King and the Royal Family.

An eloquent tribute to the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family was paid by Count Bernstorff, First Secretary of the German Embassy, at Saturday's dinner of the German Benevolent Society at De Keyser's Hotel.

"It is in no spirit of convention," he said, "but with heartfelt sincerity, that we pay homage to the wise ruler of this powerful Empire, who has not only shown at all times a graceful interest in the efforts of our benevolent society, but who has won with his own people, as with all the nations of the world, the name of a Prince of Peace.

"King Edward is incessantly endeavouring to bring nations more closely together, and to clear away misunderstandings between them."

THE KING'S CONTINENTAL VISIT.

The King, who is now restored to health, remained in Buckingham Palace for the greater part of Saturday and yesterday.

The arrangements for his Majesty's Continental visit have been provisionally completed.

The King will leave London on the morning of April 6, cross from Dover, and go direct to Cologne, where he will be joined by the Queen and will proceed with her to Copenhagen.

The King was a winner at the Norwich Horse Show on Saturday, when his handsome three-year-old stallion, Ravenspure, was first in his class, and was adjudged the best shire in the show.

GEM THAT WEIGHS OVER A POUND.

Arrival in London of the World's
Largest Diamond.

The Premier diamond, the largest the world has ever seen, reached London safely on Saturday morning.

It was sent from Johannesburg through the post in the ordinary way as a registered package, but in addition to the £5 Post Office insurance, the "Premier" had been further insured for £500,000.

No very elaborate precautions for its safety had been taken. Wrapped in cotton-wool, the diamond came from South Africa in an ordinary black leather bag, which was locked in the bullion-room of the vessel.

A special Post Office messenger met the boat at Southampton, and at Waterloo Station the Post Office provided a guard of two detectives, while men of the South-Western Railway sergeants and constables were stationed on the arrival platform.

As the train drew up a business-like man stepped energetically towards the mail-van. It was Mr. Sigismund Neumann, the guardian of the wonderful stone. A sharp order was given, and the police formed a circle about him.

Then the door of the van opened, and an official with a black bag in his hand emerged. Mr. Neumann took the bag, and the crowd, which gaped behind the police, cheered vigorously. The next minute, with the financier and the diamond in their midst, the police marched to a waiting four-wheeler.

"Standard Bank of South Africa, Clement's-lane," called Mr. Neumann, and, escorted by Inspectors Cross and Cox, drove away.

At the bank the diamond was deposited in the strong room, awaiting the decision of the directors as to whether it shall be exhibited. As it is, uncured, the "Premier" weighs 3,032 carats, 2,000 carats heavier than any other diamond. In ordinary weight it would turn the scale at slightly over a pound and a half. It is clear and without a flaw.

HIDDEN GOLD.

Treasure Found in a Chair-Seat and Tucked
Away in Cracking Walls.

Tales of treasure found concealed in old furniture or odd places in houses after the death of the owners are handed down in most families, but they generally skip a generation, and it is seldom two actual cases are reported on the same day.

At a recent auction an old armchair that had belonged to a Mrs. Eyffe, of Towallary, Donegal, was bought for a trifle by a Mr. S. Henderson, a distant relative.

At home at his leisure he examined it. He shook it, and a half-crown fell out. Then another.

Closer search revealed a heavy leather purse embedded in the seat, filled with sovereigns to the amount of close on £200. It is stated that the find will be the subject matter of litigation.

Believed by his friends to be very poor, an old lady named Marsh lived for many years alone in a small cottage at Dover.

A few days ago she was found dead in her bed, and a search revealed £187 stowed away in packets secreted in crannies and crevices of the walls all over the house.

OVER £160,000 FOR CHARITIES.

Trio of Princely Bequests—Humble Labourer
Leaves Nearly £2,000.

The following munificent bequests to charity have just been announced:—

Mr. Robert W. Murray, of Enniskean, Newcastle, Co. Down, of the well-known snuff manufacturers of Belfast, £150,000.

Miss Caroline Singleton, of Eastbourne, £11,700.

Miss Steward, of Clewer, Windsor, over £6,000.

Most of the large amount left by Mr. Murray goes to the governors of the Forster Green Consumptive Hospital, subject to their satisfying the executors that they can provide proper additional accommodation for consumptives.

Religious bodies mainly benefit by Miss Singleton's will, and Miss Steward left £5,500 to the superior and bursars of the community of St. John the Baptist at Clewer.

William Casson, of Back End, Broughton-in-Furness, who worked all his life as a labourer, left £1,819 7s. 9d. Last year, it will be remembered, Henry Carter, cleverly cobbler, bequeathed £800 to the Bluecoat School at Ripon.

LADIES' POINT-TO-POINT KEEN RACE.

A ladies' point-to-point race was decided at the V.W.H. meeting, near Cricklade, on Saturday, when Nugget, cleverly ridden by Mrs. Frank Day, won by half a length, Mrs. Pitman's horse being second.

The race was run in heavy rain.

THE WHITE "EVENING NEWS."

And the Old

"Evening Standard."

AN IMMENSE SUCCESS.

The 6.30 p.m. Edition of the London "Evening News" (White Edition) has proved an immense success, not only amongst readers of the old "Evening Standard," but with many others of the public who desire an absolutely complete evening newspaper.

The White "Evening News" is dispatched from the office at exactly 6.30 each evening by rapid motors and wagons, and should be obtainable within a radius of five miles very speedily.

Readers who find any difficulty in obtaining copies punctually should address, The Publisher, "Evening News," London.

TO COUNTRY HOUSE READERS.

Postal subscription for country-house readers, including late fee, 9s. 9d. per quarter. Address, with remittance, crossed Coutts and Co., Manager, "Evening News," London.

KAISER AND DANCER.

"Englishmen Make the Best Husbands,"
Declares the Emperor William.

Carmen de Faya, the beautiful young Spanish dancer now appearing at the Alhambra, was largely influenced in her choice of a profession by the sympathy and advice of the German Emperor.

The daughter of a Spanish grandee, Senorita de Faya used to dance at private parties, and while staying in Berlin was a guest at a dinner attended by the Kaiser.

She was asked to dance, and her performance so pleased his Majesty that he declared she ought to adopt dancing as a profession, offering to help her.

While staying in Berlin she frequently met the Kaiser, who gave her the following excellent advice:—

"If a suitable Englishman proposes to you accept him, for Englishmen make the best husbands."

WATCHING A COLLISION.

Unusual Sunday Afternoon Spectacle for
Holiday Makers.

The unusual spectacle of a schooner being run down and sunk by a large steamer was witnessed from Dungeness Point yesterday forenoon.

The schooner was the Patrician, and the steamer was the Baroda. Both were proceeding in the same direction, when the steamer overtook the smaller vessel, and crashing into her port quarter sank her almost instantly.

Fortunately her crew of six were hauled on to the Baroda by lifelines, and subsequently landed at Dover.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

General Booth has arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, the new Prussian Minister of the Interior, says the Berlin official "Monteur," is Herr Von Bethmann Holweg.

Eight soldiers were killed and nineteen injured at Semlin (Hungary) yesterday in trying to rescue a woman buried by a landslide.

The eighty-year-old grandson of the Shah is in Paris to undergo an immediate operation for cyst, that has been ordered by three well-known specialists.

A serious fire in the Swansea market has done damage to the extent of several thousand pounds. This is the third fire which has occurred within the past few days in the town.

Fourteen plans relating to submarines, etc., are said to have been stolen from the French Ministry of Marine, and M. Bos, a Deputy, is to ask a question about it, says the Central News, in the Chamber.

A run is in progress on the savings department of the United States Bank and Trust Company, Cincinnati. The bank, which has £2,100,000 in hand, against £3,600,000 deposits, had declined an offer of £400,000 cash.—Reuter.

When the engine of a train standing in Savigny Station, in France, exploded, the station was practically destroyed, and several railway servants injured, but all the passengers, says the Central News, wonderfully escaped injury.

LONDONERS RUSH TO THE SEA.

Sunny Seaside Weather Attracts Thousands of Visitors.

MEN IN FLANNELS.

London this week-end has been almost deserted. Numbers left town on Friday, and all day long on Saturday Victoria and Charing-cross stations were filled with seething crowds of people bent on getting away to the glories and delights of country and coast.

The fact that cheap tickets are not issued as a rule till Easter has had no deterrent effect upon pleasure and health seekers, a busy official at Victoria told the *Daily Mirror*.

Most of the extra bookings have been to the seaside, chiefly to Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, Eastbourne, and Folkestone, where the presence of Mr. Chamberlain seems as attractive as a regatta.

A great many members of both Houses of Parliament try to leave town for the week-end, which accounts for a great many of the country-house parties which have been taking place.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn has a family party at Coates Castle, and there are parties at Mentmore, Ascot, Petworth House, and several houses near Windsor, as well as a number of upriver residences.

Signs of spring are visible everywhere in the shops, for summer clothing, and especially straw hats, has come into demand with exceptional suddenness. Dealers have been taken entirely by surprise.

Sunshine and Pleasant Breezes.

The whole country yesterday enjoyed a perfect spring day. There was scarcely a town which had not at least six hours of sunshine, while many on the south coast had seven or eight, or more.

A pleasant spring breeze, sufficiently fresh to invigorate, was not too keen for health or pleasure.

The south of England was certainly more favoured than the north. The *Daily Mirror's* correspondents at Scarborough and Blackpool tell of cloudings and rain during part of the day, with a stormy sea.

Our correspondents at various seaside places wired last night as follows:—

BRIGHTON.—First day of continuous warm sunshine. Cloudless skies from early morning, with a smooth sea. Front crowded; many men in straw hats and flannels. Twenty thousand visitors and 1,000 motor-cars. Among those walking on the front were Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks.

Leas Crowded.

FOLKESTONE.—Brilliant sunshine; fresh wind, with slightly rippling sea. Leas crowded after church.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Smooth sea and light breeze. Hundreds on the cliffs and sands. Most hotels full.

EASTBOURNE.—Bright sunshine all day; light wind and smooth sea.

YARMOUTH.—Before noon dull and inclined to rain; later the sun shone and the clouds disappeared. Excursion trains full.

SCARBOROUGH.—Morning very fine, with bright sunshine and fresh breeze; sea slightly rough. In the afternoon clouds and rain. Few visitors.

BLACKPOOL.—Rain in the morning, with strong wind and rough sea. From two o'clock the sun shone brightly. Several hundred week-end visitors from Liverpool and Manchester.

PENANCE.—Dull, cloudy weather, with some rain. Sun shone intermittently. Brisk wind and moderate sea. Few visitors.

RADIUM IN FLOUR.

Some more remarkable facts about radium were dealt with by Professor Thompson in his concluding lecture, at the Royal Institution, on Saturday, on radio-active substances.

Although, he remarked, radium was so expensive, it seemed one of the most common elements. Cambridge tap-water and the soil of the ground contained large quantities, and he had found it in wheaten flour.

How it got there he did not know, but a specimen of flour was radio-active, and no doubt it would produce radio-active bread.

423,000 CLUB SWINGS.

By swinging a pair of 2lb. clubs continuously for forty-seven hours, Tom Burrows, the "King of Clubs," an Australian, has conclusively proved his claim to the title, and created a world's record.

He finished his tremendous task at St. George's Hall, Westminster Bridge-road, at nine o'clock on Saturday night, having made, it is estimated, some 423,000 "swings."

Tramway men at Gateshead were on strike on Saturday because one of their colleagues was dismissed and three reduced for reasons they considered were petty.

DISORDER IN CHURCH.

Battle of Tongues Ends in a Remarkable Revival Scene.

The extraordinary spectacle of Welsh revivalists capturing a monster English revival meeting has just been witnessed in the Ruabon English Congregational Church.

English Nonconformists had organised the gathering, but a few Welsh revivalists from the Rhos district put in an appearance.

Proceedings opened with an English solo, and then Miss Florrie Evans, who claims to be the first convert of the present remarkable religious movement in Wales, started to speak in English, but soon drifted into her native tongue.

She prayed so long in Welsh that many people, tired of listening to a language they could not understand, left the building in a high state of indignation.

When Miss Evans had concluded, a young Rhos Welshman burst forth into a revival hymn in Welsh and a strenuous prayer, so forcibly enunciated that beads of sweat rolled down his forehead and he sank into his seat exhausted.

It was then that the pastor, the Rev. W. Sandy Thomas, intervened with a vigorous protest against the Welshmen monopolising the meeting, and appealed for the use of English.

The Welsh element completely ignored this request, and it was only towards the close of the proceedings that the English section of the meeting drowned the fervent patriotism of their Welsh friends by singing an English hymn.

AMERICANS AT OXFORD.

Rhodes Scholar Surprised at British Undergraduates' Assurance.

Mr. W. E. Schutt, an American Rhodes scholar, tells, in a contemporary, his impressions of Oxford.

The first night, to the surprise of the Americans, two or three men entered their rooms in an absolutely informal and abrupt manner.

The visitors calmly took the chairs the Americans had vacated, asked for cigarettes or tea, and made themselves at home. Then they requested their hosts to show up at the football grounds for practice the following afternoon.

What struck the newcomers most about Oxford was the expense of doing anything.

As one of them expressed it, "We pay every time we turn around, and when we don't turn around we are fined for not having done it."

FAITH JUSTIFIED.

Old Woman's Prophecy of Immunity to the Men of Birkenhead.

Yet another Birkenhead man has been saved from the gallows.

Years and years ago, when Birkenhead was a mere fishing village, it is related that an old woman who professed supernatural powers prophesied that no Birkenhead man would ever be hanged.

Till almost the very last minute it seemed as though the prophecy would fail in the case of George Huxham, sentenced to death at Chester for the brutal murder of an aged widow in her house at Birkenhead. He was to have been executed to-day at Knutsford.

But the Home Secretary has informed the authorities that the sentence will be commuted to penal servitude for life. A petition for a respite had been signed by 12,000 persons.

Huxham himself believed firmly in the prophecy, and never lost hope.

REPERTORY THEATRE AT EASTER.

The "Mermaid Repertory Theatre" will open its season at the Great Queen-street Theatre on Easter Monday, and the company will play until July, resume in September and play until November, and then go on tour throughout the provinces.

This statement was made by the director, Mr. Philip Carr, in a lecture on dramatic art in the Essex Hall on Saturday.

MISS LILY HANBURY'S WEDDING.

On April 18 Miss Lily Hanbury, the famous actress, will be married to Mr. Herbert Guddella, partner in one of the largest firms of accountants in the City.

After the ceremony a reception will be held at Claridge's Hotel.

LAST OF KABUL PRISONERS.

The death has just occurred at Brighton of the widow of Colonel Robert Waller, of the Bengal Horse Artillery.

Mrs. Waller, who was eighty-two years of age, was the last of the Kabul prisoners of 1842, having been taken with Lady Sale and others.

Her second child was born during her captivity.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

Enjoys Watching the Ships at Folkestone and Avoids Crowds.

WITHOUT HIS ORCHID.

Mr. Chamberlain is enjoying a complete holiday at Folkestone. He only attends to a few absolutely necessary letters.

He sits writing of a morning on the balcony of a room overlooking the sea at the Grand-mansions, where he is staying with his wife, his son, and three daughters.

He came to the seaside looking pale and ill, but he is already showing signs of greatly improved health.

In the afternoon he goes for a walk with his family, and seems to enjoy most the sight of passing ships. "Because they are signs of trade with the Colonies," say the other visitors.

Or he will go for a long drive before afternoon tea, which he takes in private, though he dines in the public dining-room.

People sit watching for his going out or coming in, but he avoids them as far as possible. Crowds lunched at the hotel yesterday in the hope of seeing him. Hundreds of motorists drove into Folkestone from all parts with the same object.

But most of the curious were disappointed, for in the afternoon he stayed indoors. The high wind in the morning had tired him. The orders are that no one is allowed to see him, and no cards are sent up.

As to his costume, he is faithful to the familiar grey suit. Orchids arrive every evening by post, and he wears them at dinner, but not out of doors. "Perhaps," say the humorists, "because he does not wish to be recognised."

NOVELIST REFORMER.

Mr. H. G. Wells Makes a Strong Appeal for More Effective Local Government.

Following the example of Mr. Rider Haggard in his active interest in agriculture, Mr. H. G. Wells, the noted novelist, is an advocate of reforms in regard to local government.

Unable to attend Saturday's conference on housing reform, convened at the Passmore Edwards Settlement by the National Housing Reform Council, Mr. Wells sent the following letter:

"I regret that I shall be unable to attend the conference upon housing areas on Saturday, but I may perhaps express a hope that the importance of creating new local authorities ruling larger areas than those at present in existence before the new extensive municipal powers are conferred will be considered.

"Your council will, I am sure, do a most useful work in calling attention to the need for more comprehensive plans for new building enterprises than the practical man of to-day thinks necessary."

WICKED LONDON.

"Pentecostal Dancers" Shake the Dust of the Modern Gomorrah Off Their Feet.

"In the whole of London there is not one righteous spot—no, not one," said the Rev. Obadiah, the head of the "Pentecostal Dancers," who have been vainly attempting to convert Camberwell during the last few months.

They have now given up the attempt; and the "Pentecostal Dancers" have transferred their "Pillar of Fire" mission to Wales.

"London," added the leader of the party, "is a really wicked city. The task of saving it is beyond us."

"We came prepared to dance for its salvation just as long as we had strength and saw the slightest signs of reformation; but it is an awful city, full of liars, babblers, and people who are altogether unrighteous."

EPIDEMIC OF BLINDNESS.

The Derbyshire town of Eckington is suffering from a serious outbreak of ophthalmia.

Children in large numbers are attacked, whilst cases of parents being similarly afflicted abound. The disease renders patients blind for days to weeks.

During a similar outbreak at Staveley last May hundreds of persons were affected.

STATE AS FATHER AND MOTHER.

Professor Bryce, M.P., is opposed to the State maintenance of school-children.

"It would," he says in the current number of "Justice," "destroy parental responsibility altogether and break up family ties, a change which would, in my opinion, have the gravest consequences for society."

"SHOW SUNDAY."

Artists Entertain Many Visitors, but Sell Few Pictures.

There used long ago to be just one "Show Sunday," on which painters invited their friends to see their pictures before they sent them to the spring exhibitions. Now there are three.

Many artists opened their studios yesterday; many had had their "shows" last week; next Sunday the members of the Royal Academy have their "private views," for they do not send their pictures in till a week after the mass, who have to struggle for places on the walls of Burlington House.

Fashion no longer decrees that its votaries shall spend the whole of a Sunday afternoon racing from Chelsea to St. John's Wood, and from Hampstead to Kensington. But a great many still do, and yesterday's sunshine favoured their pilgrimages.

Not many pictures were sold, however.

LOTTERY OF COLLECTING.

Book Sale That Realises £8,000 Shows Remarkable Changes in Price.

A total of some 48,000 was raised by the five days' sale of rare books at Sotheby's Rooms which concluded on Saturday.

The most interesting item on the last day was an almost complete set of the publications of the Kilmiscott Press on vellum.

Issued by William Morris, between 1891 and 1897, solely as examples of fine printing, these publications were soon eagerly sought after by book collectors. But there has been a reaction of late, and Saturday's sale proved that the decline in prices has not yet reached its limit.

The most notable examples of this decline were:

| | Highest price. | Saturday. |
|----------------------|----------------|-----------|
| Chaucer's Works | £250 0s. | 250 0s. |
| The Glittering Plain | 114 | 51 0s. |
| King Florus | 38 | 10 0s. |
| Book of Chivalry | 41 | 45 0s. |
| Shelley's Works | 59 | 67 0s. |
| Syr Isumbras | 20 | 5 0s. |

Two Thackeray M.S. novels, with six drawings for "Pendennis," went for £541; and ten holograph stanzas of Keats's "Pot of Basil" fetched £215.

Shakespeare's Poems (1640) fetched £205, against £106 fifteen years ago; a Shakespeare Second Folio £108; and a first edition of Milton's Poems £28—against £29 last season.

HORSE GUARDS' DAIRY.

Milk Maids Make a Good Start in Their New Premises.

Their faces wreathed in smiles, the Milk maids opened their new place of business at nine o'clock on Saturday morning.

All their old customers were flocking round them and greeting them after their six weeks' absence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kitchen, "it is nice to see that our old friends have not deserted us, but are coming in numbers to see us already."

"We are very comfortable, and this new stove is so useful and nice."

The life-sized automatic cow that the two old ladies proposed to have has not come up to their expectations, so they have abandoned the scheme.

Three times a day, however, fresh milk will be brought to the stall, so there will be no lack of this commodity.

TEST OF POPULARITY.

During his speech at the Manchester Reform Club on Saturday, Major Seely, M.P., referred to the various Liberal and free-food leaders.

The measure of their popularity, as demonstrated by the applause, was as under:—

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—ten seconds of cheers.

Mr. Asquith—faint applause.

Mr. Morley—loud applause.

Lord Rosebery—one modest "hear, hear."

Duke of Devonshire—loud applause.

Mr. Winston Churchill—ringing acclamation.

BURIED BY FALLING EARTH.

Terrible injuries were inflicted on two men at Shawfields, near Aldershot, on Saturday.

They were digging gravel in a pit when a mass of earth fell upon them and buried them.

It was an hour before they could be released. One man had both legs broken and his ribs badly crushed, whilst the other, falling on his spade, sustained a severe gash across the back of the neck.

"RULER OF THE KING'S NAVY."

For the first time in his life the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Cawdor, went aboard a man-of-war on Saturday.

In company with Lord Selborne he inspected the new battleship *Connewood*, one of the most powerful warships afloat.

MATRIMONY BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Lord Justice Quotes a Document to Prove It Is "Nothing New."

"MARQUIS PREFERRED."

"Matrimony by advertisement," said grave and learned Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, in the Court of Appeal on Saturday, "is, I think, nothing new, as this shows." He then read an account of an action nearly a century old, which was upon parallel lines to the case before him, which ran as follows:

Miss Netta Hermann had offered £250, through Mr. Charlesworth, the editor of the "Matrimonial Post," for a husband.

She went further, and paid him £52 on account, on the understanding that all but £5 of this sum should be returned if no engagement or marriage took place within nine months.

All sorts and conditions of men, including a negro, were introduced to Miss Hermann, and none of the contents were suitable, seeing that she had stipulated for a title "a marquis if possible"—and about £3,000 a year.

In the end, she sued for the return of her money. The County Court decided that a marriage brokerage contract was illegal, and the money must be refunded. The Divisional Court reversed this judgment. And now learned counsel are arguing the matter out again before the Court of Appeal.

And the Lords Justices seem to take great interest in the proceedings.

Matrimonial Problem.

The Master of the Rolls propounded a problem recently. Lush, K.C., who appeared for Mr. Charlesworth. "If a man gave another £1,000 to poison his wife, and after that person had given £10 for some poison, the husband suddenly decided to allow his wife to live, could he recover that £1,000?"

"I think not," said Mr. Lush hesitating; "but supposing the man had given the wife half a dose, he might keep the money, perhaps."

Lord Justice Mathew (sternly): It would be a criminal act, and could not be upheld in law as "proper consideration."

Then, after a while of argument, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy produced the "Early English" document previously referred to.

A General Bury, desiring to form an alliance with "a lady of rank and title" had been introduced to several ladies. Indeed, he went so far as to tread "the ways of love" and to "make treaties of marriage with them."

The General had met the introducer through an advertisement. "Secrecy all along" was promised, and the nineteenth century lady's marriage broker assured her clients that "none are introduced save those who observed the proprieties."

But the end of the romance was that John King, who, in furtherance of the General's matrimonial schemes, had given "divers expensive entertainments," was £240 out of pocket.

After Mr. Lush had made a few disparaging remarks about the value of old cases in point, the hearing was adjourned until to-morrow.

MUNICIPAL MILK.

Wanted To Guard the Consumer Against Disgusting Dairy Methods.

"If people could see the arrangements for milk collection in certain large establishments which supply milk for urban dwellers, none of you would drink it. In some cases the methods are disgusting."

So said Dr. Groves, medical officer of health of the Isle of Wight, at the conference on "Municipal Milk Depots" at the Parkes Museum, London, on Saturday.

Sanitary authorities should control the whole of the processes of production, "from the cow to the consumer, as was done in Rochester, U.S.A.," said another speaker.

SHADOW OF A CRIME.

Modern Wandering Jew Whose Footsteps Were Dogged by Tragedy.

A long-forgotten murder was recalled at Finchley on Saturday by the inquest held on a man identified as Ferdinand Muller.

The dead man proved to be brother of Franz Muller, who was hanged more than forty years ago for a peculiarly brutal murder committed in a railway carriage between Bow and Hackney.

The murderer got away to America, but had exchanged hats with his victim, a mistake which led to the crime being proved against him.

Shortly after his execution his brother decided to leave England in search of fortune. After an adventurous career in America and on the Australian goldfields he returned a fairly prosperous man.

But he soon lost his money, and had to seek employment. His subsequent history shows that a curious fatality seemed to attach itself to those associated with him.

A Bond-street perfumer who employed him drowned himself shortly afterwards. Another employer, who was an optician, went mad, and was ordered to Australia. On the way home he jumped overboard and was drowned.

Muller himself was found dead by his landlady in a small out-house at 6, Park-terrace, East Finchley. Medical evidence proved that the valves of his heart were so useless that it was a wonder he had lived so long.

PATCHING UP ST. PAUL'S.

Great Dome Made Safe at a Cost of About £10,000.

A great work in the continual renovation of St. Paul's Cathedral is just on the point of completion.

For some considerable time a band of workmen has been busily engaged on the great dome, removing large quantities of corroded iron and decaying stone, and chipping and facing the surface. It is now once more fit to withstand the ravages of wind and weather.

This is one of the most ambitious parts of the scheme of repairs that are constantly being effected, but it could not have been carried out were it not for a special grant of £10,000 from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Meanwhile, fear of the thousands who daily surge past our great Cathedral had any idea of the important work being effected on the altitudes of St. Paul's by men who looked like pigeons on a frail network of matchwood.

REAL LIFE OLIVER TWISTS

Strange Story of Two Little Boys Who Cannot Find a Home.

Alone, wandering, and outcast at intervals for eleven years, two little boys, brothers named Jolliffe, are still, when the elder is thirteen and the younger twelve, not sure of their fate.

They were brought before Mr. Francis, at Lambeth Police Court, on Saturday, so that their story might be told and their future possibly provided for.

Eleven years ago, when the elder was two, their father died. Three years after their mother went to an asylum.

At five and half years they went to an industrial school, whence at eleven they were fetched by their grandfather.

Six months after he arranged with Dr. Barnardo to ship them to Canada.

Three months later they came to London to say good-bye to an elder brother, in Walworth. They met an aunt. She said they were too young for Canada, and kept them in London with her.

At thirteen, just the other day, she turned them out. They spent the night at an all-night service in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

She refused to have anything more to do with them, so they were brought before the magistrate on Saturday.

SPIRIT'S IMPERATIVE CALL.

Evan Roberts left Neath for Loughor by a late train on Saturday night, declaring that so imperative was the command of the Spirit that if he lost the last train he would walk home—a distance of fourteen miles.

Mr. Roberts told Mr. Rhys Jones on Saturday that it was perfectly clear to him what date he was to go to Liverpool, and he would go on that date; but there was a strict Divine command that he was not yet to disclose it.

PATHETIC GRAVESIDE INCIDENT.

At the funeral of Miss Margaret Moody, at South-end, on whose body, found on the foreshore at Shoe-burhead, the jury returned a verdict of Found Drowned, Father O'Hagan declined to conduct the service, and rode away on a bicycle.

After the coffin was lowered the mother and the other relatives knelt round the open grave and prayed.

ROMANCE OF A COFFEE STALL.

Mr. Pearce Tells How He Started Life on 2s. 6d. a Week.

REMARKABLE CAREER.

It would be hard to find a more romantic business career than that of Mr. John Pearce, of "Pearce and Plenty" and "British Tea Table"

fame, who was on Saturday given a testimonial and presentation by 1,500 employees in his eighty-one establishments, scattered up and down London.

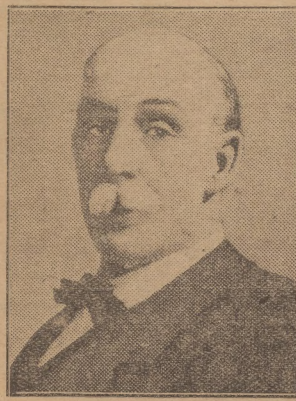
It is not quite sixty years since he made his first appearance in the world in Hoxton, but a very few years after that he was at work earning a few coppers a week by assisting the sexton of his parish in blowing the organ and ringing the bell. At the age of nine he started business seriously at the princely wage of 2s. 6d. a week in the shop of a picture-frame maker.

After eighteen months of framing he held a number of situations before he was thirteen. First he worked for a builder for 7s. a week, then for a pastrycook, and then for a provision dealer.

On leaving the provision dealer, a spell of bad time was before the young man. Odd jobs in the streets were his only work, and starvation was well in sight on many occasions. At last came a change, and he got work as a porter in Covent Garden at 4s. a week.

It was about this time that he began to see how hard was the need of cheap catering. His own breakfast was bought at a street coffee-stall, and the coffee-stalls of those days were of the worst.

His work as a porter did not suit him, however,



Mr. JOHN PEARCE.

and he launched upon what was to be the beginning of his present great business.

For a week he hired a coster's barrow. A few simple boards, a little tin urn, and a few crocks completed the outfit.

In his spare time he was building the famous "Gutter Hotel," a beautiful erection resplendent with red paint and bright brass.

For thirteen years he conducted his business with the "Gutter Hotel," the takings gradually rising to 26 a morning. This led to further developments, and other "gutter hotels" were built and let to promising assistants.

Then, when capital justified the venture, he opened his first coffee-house in Aldersgate-street, and the days of the "Gutter Hotel" were over.

That was in 1879, twenty-five years ago. Since then "Pearce and Plenty" has grown from that small coffee-shop, and the "B.T.T." from "Pearce and Plenty," while a number of temperance hotels have grown up also.

How cheap is the catering at the "Pearce and Plenty" restaurants is shown by the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws. The average sum spent by customers is seven farthings.

As an authority on catering, Mr. Pearce has even been consulted by the Army. He rearranged the system of daily meals at Woolwich, and was consulted by Lord Methuen over the catering at the Tower Barracks.

It was Mr. Pearce, too, who first tried to start the original Rowton House, and it was his scheme as outlined by him to Lord Rowton and Lord Iveagh which has been such a success.

LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL STABBED.

A few seven years old, a little girl named Agnes Westbrook, of Erdington, Birmingham, was returning home from school on Friday when she met a man who had formerly lodged with her mother. On the following day she was found in a field cruelly stabbed about the head and neck and bathed in blood. She lies in a dangerous condition.

SIX WIVES PER MAN.

Magistrate Says This Would Be No Violation of Natural Law.

"It is no violation of the natural law," said Mr. Lane at the West London Police Court on Saturday, "that a man should have six wives, if they all agree, but it is certainly against the social law."

This remarkable dictum was laid down in answer to a lady who attended to draw attention to an article in a newspaper, in which the theory was advanced that a man should be allowed to have more than one wife.

This, urged the applicant, was a direct incentive to bigamy. Were any legal means of preventing the publication of such mischievous ideas?

Mr. Lane, after reading the article with an amused air, said it neither incited or encouraged a breach of the law.

It dealt only with a sociological problem respecting the present state of the marriage laws in European countries.

An Old Argument.

The writer suggested that, in view of the prevailing numerical superiority of women over men, and the consequent impossibility of a large proportion of women securing husbands, it might be desirable that a man should be allowed to have two wives. There was a very old argument indeed.

Applicant: We feel that it tends to familiarise the minds of girls with vice.

Mr. Lane: But there is nothing vicious about it. I need hardly say I am of your opinion, as we all are, as regards the value of such arguments, but no law in this or any other country has the power to interfere with the promulgation of such ideas as this writer expresses.

Applicant: Cannot a caution be sent to the paper?

Mr. Lane: No; your only plan is to write to the editor setting forth your views.

CALLOUS MR. FLOWDEN.

Jokes with a Woman Applicant on the Subject of a Slaughtered Pet.

Some iconoclastic remarks upon the life and death of cats, and their relations with their hereditary enemies the dogs, were made by Mr. Flowden on Saturday to a woman who applied for advice. She said she had a neighbour whose dog was killing all the cats.

Mr. Flowden: A very useful thing, I should think. What do you want an injunction against the dog to restrain it from killing the cats?

Applicant: No; I want to know if it is possible to do anything with the neighbour to compel her to put a stop to it?

Mr. Flowden: Has the dog killed your cat?

"It has. Can't she be made to have it muzzled?"

Mr. Flowden: What does it matter to you? Your cat is dead, and that is the end of it.

"But I want to protect other people's cats."

Mr. Flowden: I should leave other people to protect their own cats. I am very sorry you have lost your cat, but I hope the universe will supply another to console you.

WAGER IN DANGER.

World-Walker's Progress Seriously Interrupted by a Dog Bite.

"I'm walking round the world for £1,000. I've covered 4,500 miles in thirty weeks, and must finish by April 25—do let me go," pleaded Calvert Marcello, a Manxman, remanded at Tottenham on a charge of inciting his dog to bite a lad named Sabon.

It was stated that Marcello, calling at a public-house at Ponder's End to sign a book as required by the conditions of the wager, was annoyed at being followed by a large crowd.

Then, it was alleged, he told his dog—"Which was given me by Lord Lonsdale," interjected Marcello—to "go for them," the animal biting the lad's leg.

"I cannot pay for a doctor for the lad," explained the globe-trotter, "as I have no money, and am not allowed to beg, borrow, or steal."

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contains more Nutrient than 1-lb. Beef, or ten cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion. Braces the Nerves.

ENORMOUS "GATES."

Cup-tie Fever Causes Scandalous Scenes at Glasgow.

MATCH ABANDONED.

The keen interest taken by all classes of sportsmen in the decisive matches at the close of the football season plainly increases year by year.

Immense crowds witnessed the semi-finals played on Saturday at Stoke, Manchester, and Glasgow, and "Cup-tie fever" ran high. All the teams engaged laboured under the greatest excitement, and the thousands of spectators showed intense partisan interest in every detail of the play.

Nearly eighty thousand persons are estimated to have witnessed one or other of the English matches, and the behaviour of players and public at both was beyond reproach.

But at Glasgow disgraceful scenes occurred at both Celtic and Cathkin Parks, where the semi-finals for the Scottish Cup were played.

Referees Assaulted.

At Celtic Park, where the Rangers and Celtic met before 40,000 spectators, Quinn, the Celtic's centre forward, was ordered off the field half-way through the second half for foul play, and immediately the excited crowd swept over the playing-field.

Free fights followed, and the referee and players were assaulted, but the excited partisans of the two clubs were persuaded to leave the arena, and the game was resumed.

Ten minutes from time there was, however, another incursion, and this time Mr. Robertson, the famous Scottish official, had to declare the abandonment of the game.

At Cathkin Park, where Third Lanark and Airdrieonians were playing, Mr. Baillie, the official in charge of the match, was also struck by a spectator. The ruffian was arrested by the police, but, after apologising to Mr. Baillie, was allowed to go.

Over £3,000 at the Gates.

Newcastle United and Sheffield Wednesday met in the Hyde-road enclosure at Manchester—a mean-looking and uncomfortable arena for such a city; and vast though the masses of people were on the sixpenny banks, they did not look nearly so impressive as would a much smaller number on a better-equipped ground. Some £1,400 was taken at the gate. There were a thousand or two fewer people at Stoke, but owing to the extra stand accommodation £1,798 was taken at the gates.

Both matches worked out almost exactly as anticipated in the football notes in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*, Newcastle United beating Sheffield Wednesday after a hard fight at Manchester, and Aston Villa and Everton playing a drawn game at Stoke after a really desperate encounter.

THE CITY.

Little Business Done—Consols Dull, but Kaffirs Improve.

CARLE COURT, Saturday.—Members attended in very small numbers to-day, and the volume of business was small, even for a Saturday. It was the preliminary carry-over in mines, and there was little disposal to enter into fresh commitments in view of the approach of the general settlement. Consols were dull on the Canadian Northern Railway issue fiasco, in connection with which it is said the underwriters get 80 per cent. This does not augur well for the approaching Grand Trunk Pacific loan, but will help to check the rush of new issues, and so will do no harm.

The Home Railway section was irregular in tone, with very little business going.

American Rails opened strong, and prices were put well above the parity level. The close was easier, owing to "bear" selling and pro. talking. There was active buying of Unions, New York Centrals, and Southern Pacifics.

Canadian Pacifics were a dull market, and Grand Trunks were offered. Argentine and Mexican Rails were steady. There was good support for Nitrate Rails.

The foreign market suffered especially from the paucity of business. Internationals kept firm. Japanese bonds rallied, and the new loan is quoted 2-3/4 premium.

Russian Fours met with good support. In the copper group Rio Tinto were better at 6 1/2.

Hudson's Bays were harder, and James Nelsons were a good spot at 28. Nitrate shares weakened fractionally. Among textiles Coats were firm.

Kaffirs improved in spite of the preliminary carry-over, and were quite an active market on the expiration of option time. Chartereds were a good feature, and all the leading shares were put higher. Westralians were harder.

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"EVENING NEWS."

which prints from 350 to 1,200 small private advertisements daily. 12 words 1/-.

CARMELITE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

"Will call for the plate later on" is the message left by a burglar who robbed a tradesman in Barnes.

Mill End Guardians offer £3 3s. in each case for information leading to the apprehension of the parents of fifty-five deserted children.

Dipping a sticky cane into a pubic's till, and extracting a sovereign therefrom, a man was arrested at Leytonstone, in the Birkenhead Tavern, Union-road.

To acquire twenty-four acres of land at Denmark Hill for a public space the London County Council is to be asked to contribute £25,000 out of the £48,000 necessary.

A needle that in the course of twenty-five years wandered from the foot to the thigh of Mrs. Perkins, Albany-buildings, Camberwell, has just been extracted at Guy's Hospital.

From to-day the Great Central Railway general manager's office, the office of the superintendent of the line, and the chief engineer's office will be at the Marylebone terminus instead of at Manchester.

The underground telegraph cable to the north is now completed as far as Carlisle, and will be opened for public service shortly. Its object is to prevent interruption of service from breakdown caused by gales.

"A plague of professors and inspectors" is ruining the country, said a speaker at the Newcastle Farmers' Club, protesting against the interference of the Local Government Board in sewerage questions in the villages.

At Bourneville Mr. George Cadbury had 65,000 crocus bulbs planted. Each cottage garden received a supply, and now that the plants are in full bloom the effect is beautiful.

Each on a plank 2 1/2 ft. wide by 12 ft. long, two Thames watermen raced from Southwark to Battersea with the tide. At Lambeth Bridge one was unseated, and his rival gained the victory.

A woman witness at an inquest was censured by the Manchester city coroner because it appeared that a story she had circulated with regard to the deceased had brought on depression and suicide.

A funeral party at Burgess Hill, Sussex, on arrival at the cemetery found that there was no clergyman, and no grave had been prepared. The coffin was left in a church building, and the ceremony postponed.

Not "well and truly laid" were the paving-stones in the yard of a house in London-road, Northwich, for, on Mrs. Perceval, the occupier, throwing some water over them, they fell in, disclosing a deep and unsuspected well.

It is proposed to send the chief officer of the London County Council tramways to examine the electric tramway systems in New York and other American cities to see if in any respect present London methods can be improved upon.

The oldest cabdriver in the kingdom is said to be Patrick Clark, of Warrington, who is more than seventy years old and still driving. Once when the King, as Prince of Wales, visited Manchester Clark acted as postilion to the royal carriage.

EFFECT OF THE BOMB EXPLOSION IN ST. PETERSBURG.



This photograph shows the effect of the mysterious bomb which exploded in the Hotel Bristol, St. Petersburg. The house caught fire, and the man who had the bomb in his possession was blown into a hundred pieces.—(Copyright by permission of the "Sphere.")

Vipers are unusually numerous in North Devon. A dog has succumbed to the bite of one.

The Mormons are vigorously following up the religious revival in the north of England. In Newcastle a proselytising campaign is in progress.

Letters have been received contesting the statement made by counsel in the Southwark County Court that a horse always kicks with two legs at a time.

The reformatory ships, such as the Akbar, in the Mersey, have excited the admiration of the Russians, who are making close inquiries with a view to copying at Lilbau the English system.

Superstitious people in Birmingham believed a prophecy that the world was coming to an end last week. One old lady sold all she possessed, and remained in the garden all night, and a domestic servant insisted on going home to die with her relatives.

There are thirty-nine candidates for the Brecon Chief Constables'hip soldier applicants being in excess of police. One wrote from India and one from the Transvaal. Two of each service have been selected for the final examination. The salary is £350 per annum.

A novel auction will take place at Bourne, Lincs, this week at the hiring of White Bread Meadow. At the first bid a boy starts running to a certain mark and back, and the last bid received before he returns secures the field. A supper follows, and the balance of the rent is distributed to the poor.

Bathing has commenced in the Mersey off Egremont in spite of the cold weather. Among the enthusiasts are many ladies.

Sleeping in the open, said the magistrate at next year the applicant must be sent in to time to allow the authorities to consider it.

In response to his letter to the Local Government Board requesting sanction to the use by the officials of vegetables grown at the workhouse, a reply has been received by the clerk of the Cuckfield, Sussex, Guardians that such permission was given in a letter on July 3, 1863.

It is believed that church schools now under the L.C.C. which were in the habit of closing on Ash Wednesdays, will not in future be allowed to close, one of the managers having been informed that next year the application must be sent in to time to allow the authorities to consider it.

The will of the late George Humphrey Jackson, B.A., of Portland, Co. Mayo, with reference to its clause leaving £500 as a trust for the rectors of Crossmolina, provides that, if and when any Ministers of the Crown brought in a Bill like that passed by "the sacrilegious Gladstone," the trust could be determined.

Mr. Clarke, of the Manchester Education Committee, proposes a Physical Exercise Sunday. He says: "Let the preachers tell people how to breathe. One-half of the folks, especially the grown-up people, do not know how. The three essentials to health are movable chests, straight spines, and good legs."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

RIOTING IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The strike of the Army bootmakers has led to serious rioting in Raunds, Northamptonshire, and the damage done by the rioters can be estimated by the photographs reproduced on pages 8 and 9. The trouble arose through some of the manufacturing firms tendering to supply Army boots, and ignoring the agreement come to between masters and men last November. These firms secured the contracts, those who adhered to the agreement failing to do so. The union men declared a strike against the former firms, and, as the non-union men and women continued to work for them, the strikers attacked the dwellings of the non-unionists and the members of the firms against whom they were striking.

The police have been powerless against the mob. Cottages and houses have been wrecked in all directions, and more than one non-unionist has been injured by the stones thrown by the rioters.

GRAND DUCHESS'S GIFT.

A strange story of a Russian Grand Duchess's gift to a British workman comes from Brighton. Mr. Young, a Brighton compositor, sent a letter of condolence to the Grand Duchess Sergius on hearing of her husband's tragic death, and incidentally mentioned that he wanted an ikon. The Grand Duchess wrote thanking him for his sympathy, and sent him the beautiful ikon adorned with work in gold and silver and painted in enamel, a photograph of which is reproduced on page 9.

SWAN TRAGEDY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Some of the chief characters in the sad domestic tragedy that has occurred among the swans of St. James's Park appear in our photograph on page 8.

The white male swan had some difference of opinion with a black male and killed him. The widow of the black bird, instead of attempting to avenge her lord's death, has paired with his slayer, and the disconsolate white female swan is left lamenting her mate's desertion.

BOMB EXPLOSION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The mystery of the bomb explosion in St. Petersburg, the effects of which are shown in the photograph on this page, has never yet been explained. The passport of the man carrying the bomb bore the name of Arthur Henry MacCulloch, and he was described as the time as an Englishman. But it is now believed that he was a revolutionary from the Russian Baltic provinces using a false passport, for the only book belonging to him that has been found was in German, and nothing identifying him as an Englishman, apart from his passport, has ever been discovered in spite of the thorough search made by the Russian police.

ALL RECORDS BEATEN.

"The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" on Sale Everywhere.

A second large edition of the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia"—price sevenpence—is now on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents; and those who were unable to obtain copies last week owing to the unprecedented demand for the work, will be able to obtain them now.

The sales of this unique and up-to-date encyclopædia have, up to the moment of going to press, surpassed all records in the publishing world, and the demand continues as great as ever. The only way to ensure obtaining a complete set of the fortnightly parts is to at once place an order with the newsagent for their regular delivery.

Each fortnightly part contains one hundred and sixty pages and over twelve hundred articles specially written by experts, and containing the latest and most up-to-date information on every subject. Each part costs sevenpence, which works out at the absurdly small amount of one halfpenny per day as the price of the most complete and practical encyclopædia ever offered to the public.

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"O.K." SAUCE MONDAY!

"O.K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!

"O.K." SAUCE But all good housewives

"O.K." SAUCE know that the cold joint

"O.K." SAUCE is made attractive with

"O.K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1905

PARSONS AND POLITICS.

IN hundreds of thousands of churches up and down the land sermons were preached yesterday. How many of these sermons touched the real vital difficulties with which Britain is face to face to-day? From past experience we should say very few indeed.

Perhaps you think it is not the parsons' place to talk politics. And if you mean by politics the trivial, tedious struggle of one party to remain in office and of the other party to get them out, then you are quite right. The sordid intrigues of party politics should never be mentioned in the pulpit, unless they are being denounced as a danger to the nation's interests.

But if you hold that politics means the science of human happiness, and that all right political effort is directed towards increasing the sum of that happiness, then the pulpit surely is the place of all others where politics ought to be talked.

Think what might be done by a parson (a term which covers ministers of every sect) who studied the needs of his fellow-countrymen and set them forth Sunday after Sunday, after the manner of the founder of the Christian faith.

In a book just published—a book which makes the heart burn and the brain leap to do something for the 70 per cent. of Britain's population whose lives are made hard and ugly by their poverty—we find suggestions as to what line parsons should take. This book is called the "Reminiscences of a Radical Parson." It is written by the Rev. W. Tuckwell; it is published by Cassell; and it ought to be read by everybody.

Heard what Mr. Tuckwell says:—

"The country parson sees in the village, where he claims spiritual chiefdom as God's vicar, foul rookeries in which a single bedroom holds eight inmates, open drains generating typhoid centres.

Let him in pulpit, village meeting, local Press, placard the villainy of cottage-owners and the neglect of sanitary authorities.

He knows the labourer's wage to be often barely half the sum on which a growing family can be maintained in decency and comfort; let him initiate practical reform by extensive and equitable allotments; let him master the history of our land laws—compare the agrarian prosperity of other countries with our own agrarian pauperism; plead and champion the changes to which his knowledge and his reasoning point.

The town parson is brought face to face with the crimes of industrial monopoly—employers in homes spacious, luxurious, sanitary, commanding leisure and resource; workmen huddled in crowded hovels, breathing tainted air, cut off by daily overwork from all appetite for healthy self-improvement, rebelling ever and anon in wasteful strikes, or storing up a sullen anger which may some day break in revolution.

These enigmas constitute politics—politics in the highest, truest sense. God's Kingdom cannot come on earth until they be faced, interpreted, answered, solved.

The attempt to separate religion from the actual lives of the people who are preached to is bound to fail. It is failing now. The Church of the Future is the Church which puts "Happiness here on Earth" as well as "Heaven hereafter" upon its banners. Where are we to look for the beginnings of such a Church as this to-day?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere.
James Whitcomb Riley.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ROYALTY and domesticity are frequently associated in Germany, and the Queen of Saxony, who is our guest just now, is a quiet, dignified woman, who looks more like a cheerful German housewife than a queen. She is a little old-fashioned, and amusing stories were told of how the sprightly and romp-loving Crown-Princess (now known as the Countess Montignoso, divorced wife of the present King) used to startle her by her practical jokes. Once the Crown Princess (as she then was) got up some private theatricals at Dresden. The Queen consented to attend them and expected to see the wife of her heir in some part exceedingly dignified, refined, and modest.

Instead of that, the young Princess appeared as a housemaid, blacked boots, and imitated, with remarkable accuracy, the accent of the real housemaid, who had coached her in the part. After the

performance the Queen mildly suggested that a future Queen of Saxony ought not to play, housemaids. Another dispute between the two occurred about the Princess's love of cycling. The Queen did not think cycling dignified, but the Princess persisted, and gained her permission to indulge in the amusement after much coaxing.

Those "behind the scenes" have always predicted that the Princess Patricia of Connaught would make an illustrious marriage, and their predictions will be fully realised if, as is said, she is really engaged to the King of Spain. The Princess deserves to be happy, for she is an admirably brought-up girl, pretty and modest, and ought to make the best of possible wives. She is a linguist—that, perhaps, goes without saying in the case of royalty—and she is also a fine musician. Besides this she is typically English in her love for riding and open-air life. Her hobby is a splendid collection of stones and uncut gems.

Mr. Alfred Beit, who has just increased his already generous gift of £5,000 to the Institute of Medical Sciences by a trifle of £20,000, is not a millionaire whose name one feels much inclined to envy. He is a highly-strung, anxious, and somewhat morose man, suggesting an artist than a plutocrat. In moments of financial excitement (that is to say, in nearly every moment of his working day) he seems unable to sit still, and makes incessant, worried movements with his hands and feet. And I remember, as staring out this idea that money has not made him happy, a story which used to be told about him when he was in Africa at the time of Lord Randolph Churchill's visit in 1891.

Lord Randolph was being entertained by some troopers with camp-fires and an out-of-doors banquet. Roused by the unceremonious, free-and-easy festival, Mr. Beit was heard to say, "What's the use of being a millionaire? A trooper's life for me—no cares, no troubles! A millionaire's life is all care and trouble. I shall enlist to-morrow." But when the morrow came he did not enlist after all. Mr. Beit, by the way, has an almost superhuman memory for little trivial events. Cecil Rhodes is said to have lost some documents one night in Kimberley. No one could remember where he had put them. Mr. Beit, who had retired to bed, was roused and questioned. Without hesitation he said: "The papers are in Rhodes's left-hand waistcoat pocket. I saw him put them there." And there, sure enough, the documents were found.

Maurice Barrymore, the well-known actor and playwright, whose death has just been announced from New York, was seen once or twice in London—particularly in "The Heart of Maryland," produced at the Adelphi. He was not as well known here, however, as his irresistibly charming daughter, Miss Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore had a strangely varied career, and one full of startling experiences. His first tour as an actor in America was especially sensational. In a waiting-room of the railway station at Texas a man came up to one of the actresses in his company and spoke rudely to her. Mr. Barrymore and another actor named Porter protested, whereupon the ruffian drew out his revolver and shot them both.

The unfortunate Porter was killed at once; Barrymore himself was seriously wounded. He spent the rest of the time in which he ought to have been touring in a hospital, between life and death. Miss Ethel Barrymore is one of the spoiled children of American and English society. In New York she is called "the most engaged girl" in America, and all the notable men in the country are, of course, in love with her. One of her social successes was equally great. She is a great friend of the Duchess of Sutherland, and stayed with her while she was in London. All the American papers described her triumphs with the aristocracy, and one of them asserted that the Duchess of Devonshire had said: "Ethel Barrymore's London season is one of the pleasures of the year to which I look forward more eagerly than I can say."

Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has taken the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's house in London for the season, is one of the most remarkable women in America—that paradise for women. She was a Miss Honore, and came of a socially unimportant family. She married a man of wealth, but who was more or less "out of it" socially, too. Because he had once kept a shop in Chicago. But in spite of this start with the conditions of the race against her, Mrs. Palmer, by dint of tact and courage and perseverance, has raised herself into the very front rank of American society. During the great fire which burnt her Chicago home, Mrs. Palmer distinguished herself by her bravery, and people soon talked of her as a remarkable woman. To be talked about is, after all, the main thing, and the fire was Mrs. Palmer's first step on the ladder of fame.

Mrs. Palmer's husband (that is how Mr. Palmer is always known in America) started the famous Palmer House Hotel in Chicago. Five years ago Mrs. Palmer announced her intention of managing this for him, as his health was giving way. She managed it with an instinct for business that astounded even the Chicagoans. Every bill of fare, every account for rooms or wines or sundries Mrs. Palmer scrutinised herself, and judiciously raised a price here and a price there, as her instinct prompted. The result is that Mr. Palmer's affairs pay better under his wife's management than they did under his own.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 26.—The almond tree is now in bloom. What a wonderful picture it is! In London it does splendidly, and should be seen often in small gardens.

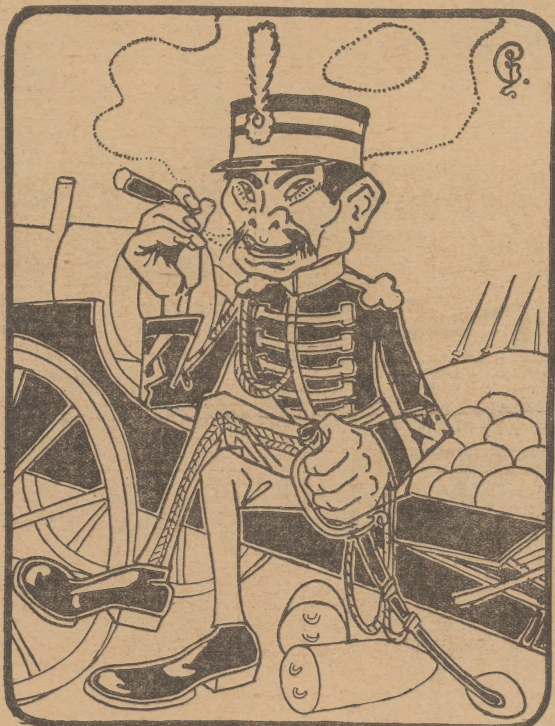
I once saw a pergola made of standard almond trees planted about twelve yards apart. The boughs were trained so as to interlace overhead. In spring one walked beneath a canopy of shining pink blossoms. Anyone who has a large garden would do well to make such a pergola.

Laburnums can also be used, and are, perhaps, more suitable for the purpose. It may be well to trim off the flowering trees, if they are pruning, should be attended to directly after they have finished blooming.

E. F. T.

A RUSSIAN JOKE AT RUSSIA'S OWN EXPENSE.

From the *Moscow "Budilnik."*



JAPANESE GENERAL: Curious people these Europeans! Used to call us barbarians. It wasn't until we'd killed a few hundred thousand of them that they admitted we were civilised.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. William Abraham, M.P.

HE had a very pleasant presentation made to him on Saturday. It took the form of a cheque for £1,750, a silver salver, and a testimonial, and is intended to express the respect in which he is held in Wales.

He certainly deserves well of his country of Wales. He has sat in Parliament for Rhondda Valley for twenty years, and retained his seat without opposition during all that time.

And he is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons, as well as in Wales. Stout and short, bearded and smiling, with good humour oozing from every pore, he looks what he is—a sincere and kind-hearted man who has made his own way in life.

At the age of ten he was working in a Welsh mine, and he has never got rid of the traces of those days. He has never learned to speak fluent English. In fact, he seldom makes a speech if he can help it. He prefers to sing a song, and often does so—a little peculiarity of his to which his audience never takes objection, for, like most Welshmen, he is exceedingly musical.

He does not sing songs in the House of Commons, however. It is almost a pity he does not.

In Wales he is always in great request as a conductor at Eisteddfods and similar gatherings. His smiling face is quite one of the sights.

To the world at large he is almost as well known as "Mabon" as by his real name.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Continents.

Traveller on Lonely Road (to sturdy beggar): It's no use. I have nothing to give you—nothing for you to steal.

The Beggar: Ugh! It's penniless idlers like you who are the curse of the country.—"Dorfbärber" (German).

"I see they have captured the cleverest hotel robber in Sydney."

"Indeed. Which hotel did he keep?"—"Sydney Bulletin."

Army Chaplain: When I speak of the Evil One in my sermons, whom do you understand me to refer to?

Recruit (newly-joined): The drill-sergeant, your reverence.—"Jugend" (German).

Husband: Does that new novel turn out happily? Wife: It doesn't say; it only says they were married.—"Birmingham Dart."

Servant: A gentleman is at the telephone, madam, and wishes to speak to you.

Lady (till dressing): I can't speak to him now. Don't you see I am in my dressing-gown. Ask him to ring me up again later, when I am dressed.—"Buch für Alles" (Austrian).



NEWS BY CAMERAS



NEW MILK FAIR IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.



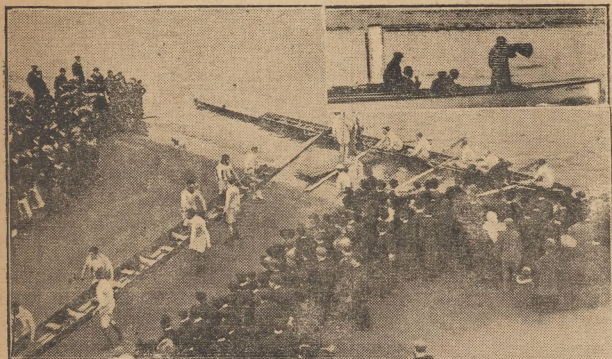
Mrs. Kitchen and Miss Caroline Burry, whose milk stalls, which they had occupied for so many years, were destroyed on account of the improvements, commenced business again on Saturday at the kiosk in St. James's Park secured for them by King Edward's intervention.

SWAN TRAGEDY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

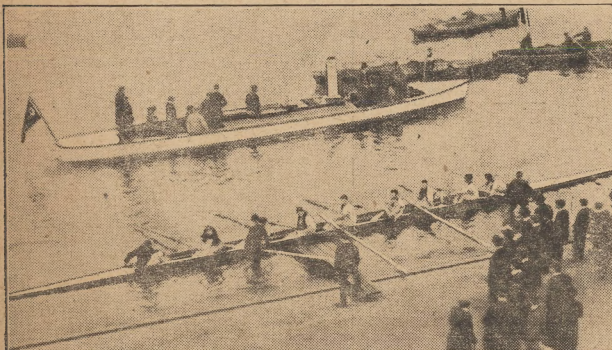


The white male swan on St. James's Park lake killed the black male swan, and now, deserting his own mate, has paired with the black swan's widow.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS AT PUTNEY.

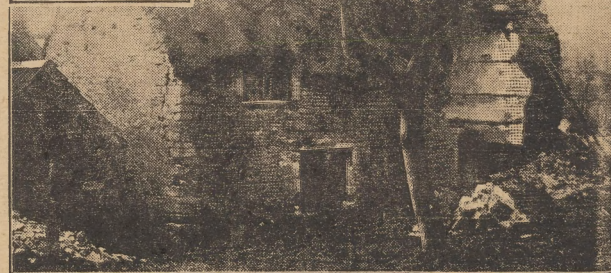


Cambridge bringing their boat in after a long spin on Saturday. Mr. Fletcher, the Oxford coach, appears in the smaller photograph directing his crew through a megaphone.



Though Cambridge are at present the favourites, Oxford rowed from Hammer-smith Bridge to Mortlake in such good style on Saturday that many critics think they should win the race. Here the Oxford crew are seen going out for Saturday's practice.

HOUSES WRECKED BY THE RIOTERS

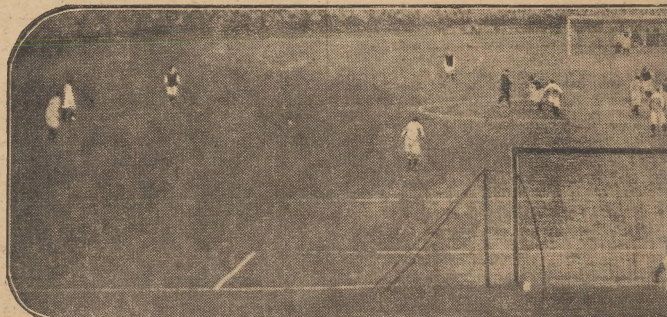


A cottage near Raunds, Northampton, which was wrecked by the rioters because its occupants continued to work for the boot manufacturers. The small photograph is of Mrs. Richardson, who was severely injured by the bombardment of stones the rioters directed against her cottage.

PLAY IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND



Newcastle United beat Sheffield Wednesday at Manchester on Saturday by one goal to nil, and thus qualified for the final. Our photograph shows a fine dribble for Sheffield Wednesday.



The 35,000 spectators who assembled at Stoke for the match between Aston Villa and Everton scored one goal. This photograph shows Ham-

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF

PICTURES OF EVENTS



URING THE BOOTMAKERS' STRIKE.



cottage at Raunds was wrecked by the rioters, and the group is composed of its
ates, the men having had their home destroyed because they would not join
trikers. The smaller photograph shows the damage done to the windows of the
house belonging to a member of one of the firms of manufacturers.

GRAND DUCHESS'S GIFT.



On the death of the Grand Duke Sergius, Mr.
Young, a Brighton compositor, wrote to the
Grand Duchess offering a British workman's
sympathy, and mentioning that he wanted an
ikon. The Grand Duchess sent this ikon. Mr.
Young appears in the smaller photograph.

SMALLEST BOAT AFLOAT.

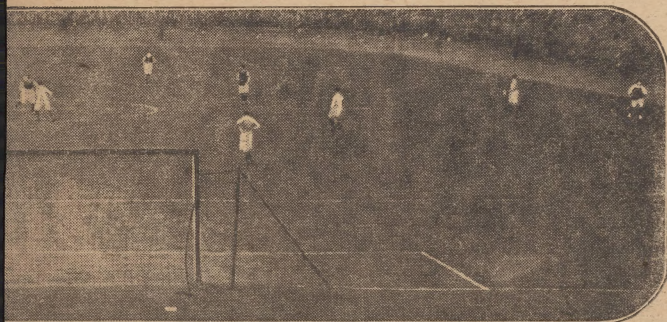


This boat is only 3ft. 6in. long, but it
carries a Scarborough boy in perfect
safety. In one photograph he is seen
wheeling it to the pond, in the other
he is off for a voyage.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP.



Near Sheffield's goal—a tussle during the splendidly contested game at Manchester between
the Newcastle United forwards and the Sheffield Wednesday backs.



the semi-final for the Cup saw a splendid game, which ended in a draw, each side having
the Aston Villa centre forward, with the ball.

ENGLAND BEATS IRELAND AT HOCKEY.



England beat Ireland in the international hockey match, played at Surbiton on
Saturday, by 4 goals to nil. This shot at goal by the Englishmen has just missed
its mark.

FIRST PROFESSIONAL GOLF MATCH OF THE SEASON.



J. H. Taylor, who beat James Braid in the first professional golf match of the season,
played at Nazeing Common, near Broxbourne, on Saturday, driving from the second
tee. Taylor won by eight up and six to play, and created a new record for the course
by going round in 73.

Begin Our New Serial To-day.

SOULS ARISE.

Whatever of earth is formed to earth returns; the soul alone, that particle divine, escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.—SOMERVILLE.

FOR NEW READERS.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROBERT LIDIARD. An artist of eccentric genius, with a leaning towards the horrible—a painter of cruel temperament whom English dealers refused to patronise, a blatant egotist, conceited beyond all reason, and married to an innocent, charming girl.

CECILIA LIDIARD. Wife. She ran away from her friends to marry him in Paris.

MONTAGUE STONE. A rich portrait-painter who, out of pure regard for Cecilia and admiration of Robert's talent, has kept the Lidiards going with money without arousing a spark of gratitude in the egotistical Robert.

In the opening scene of this story we are introduced to the studio of Robert Lidiard. The artist's wife is bemoaning his taste for the unpleasant in art, and the pictures that will not sell. Things are at the very worst with the Lidiards.

Suddenly a telegram comes from a friend in Paris to say that Robert has won the gold medal of the Salon, and that his picture, "The Masque of Sin," has been bought for a thousand pounds. The artist is naturally overjoyed and triumphant, and his conceit is preposterous.

In the moment of his triumph he confesses to Cecilia that they had been living "very close to death," for in his pocket is a phial of poison which was to have taken them both out of the world, if things did not improve; assuming, as a matter of course, that his wife would not be willing to die with him. Now that fortune smiles he laughs at the poison, and sets up the phial on the flower-decked table prepared for the feast. He makes the phial the guest of the evening, and it reposes surrounded by roses. He drinks to it mockingly in a bumper of champagne.

Then comes the news in an evening paper that the medal has been awarded to a Frenchman. The congratulatory telegram was premature.

In the reaction of grief and despair that follows Robert Lidiard decides to carry out his original plan. He pours the poison into two glasses of the champagne intended for the feast, and bids his wife drink and not desert him in the last hour. They raise their glasses together. The man drinks, but the woman's teeth clench, her muscles turn to stone, she cannot open her lips. At last faintness overcomes her; the glass slips from her hand, crashing to the ground. She is saved.

Robert Lidiard shrieks—
"Betrayed—and you have escaped. You let me die! You wanted me to die—the rid of me—to be free. Murderer! Murderer!"

He drops before her eyes, and she gives way to panic. A crowd of people come knocking at the door. They come to congratulate Robert Lidiard, for he was successful after all. The news in the paper was wrong, and the original message was correct. Fortune smiles upon the successful man, and he lies prone and still.

Cecilia flies from the house and wanders about the streets.

Montague Stone, the generous neighbour and loyal admirer of Cecilia, finds that Robert still intends, with a doctor's aid, to revive him. In indignation, he pulls out his revolver and retires. The artist's vanity is further inflated by the telegrams—until one message of congratulation arrives from a certain Julian Darrell—an enemy—which crumples him up with terror.

CHAPTER V. (continued).

Faint and oppressed by haunting fears, Cecilia ran on. "Suspicious poisoning of an artist," the words rang in her ears, and she could not escape from them. She came into a more crowded street and here, at the windows of small news-vendors' shops, she saw the words or their equivalents in glaring letters upon the bills which displayed the morning's news.

It was now nearing midday, though Cecilia had no conception of time, and did not realise that she had been wandering without food or rest for some fifteen hours. She mixed with the crowd in the street, but she was not of it. For her there was nothing beyond her own sensations of terror and remorse, for she felt it true that she had been accessory to her husband's death. Had she not stood at his side in cataleptic fear, unable to stir a muscle to save him from his mad act; unable, too, to partake of it and unite with him in the death he sought? With his last breath he had called her "Murderess," and as a murderess she would be regarded. The police would seek her out; at any moment she might be seized almost anywhere, in the street, seeing the blue coat of a policeman before her, she would turn, cross the road, or dive into one side street in her frantic attempt at flight. She came at last, she knew not how, to Hyde Park, and entering, sank down upon the first seat she reached. Her limbs refused to carry her further. She was weak, and she knew it. She turned back against the wood and closed her eyes, and for a few moments became oblivious to all that had happened.

When she again opened her eyes she had recovered something of her self-possession, though she was still haunted by the wild desire to escape and to hide herself, she knew not where. But what

could she do, to whom could she turn? Friends she had, but would they shield her? There would be the inquiring "how," and it would be proved that he had died with the word "murderess" upon his lips. Who would believe her explanation? And even if it were believed what hope was there for her in the future? What fate would be her's as the widow of the suicide artist, the madman who had taken his life at the moment of success? No, she would not go back. She would not voluntarily submit to the degradation of such a position. She must rest a little while longer, then take some food—it was lucky that she had a few shillings in her pocket—after that perhaps she would regain her strength and be able to think more connectedly.

She had bought no paper. She accepted without question the fact of her husband's death, which had, indeed, been reported in the early editions of the evening papers. It was natural enough that this should be so, for the news had been carried and spread abroad by the neighbours and students who had been in Robert Lidiard's studio to congratulate him upon the welcome intelligence of his success. It made good copy. "Mysterious death of an artist. Poisoning of the winner of the gold medal at the Paris Salon." Fleet-street had snapped up the news with avidity. Naturally enough, later reports gave a denial to these hasty statements. It was announced that Robert Lidiard was not dead, that he had merely taken an overdose of some narcotic poison, for, eccentric as he was known to be, he was probably in the habit of taking drugs. It appeared that in a moment of fear Mrs. Lidiard had run from the house, and it was surmised that she was with friends at a world shortly return to her husband, who was now out of danger. It was deeply regretted that the earlier announcements of this event had been exaggerated, and that perhaps a false impression had been given. Sincere congratulations were offered to Mr. Robert Lidiard upon his well-merited success, and so the subject was dismissed.

But of all this Cecilia knew nothing. Seated in the park she saw no papers, nor did she see the news. She was so weak, so utterly at length, staggering as she did so from sheer weakness, but with the intention of making her way to the streets once more, and of procuring some food. It was evident that this was the first need. There was a mist before her eyes, and she stretched out her hands before her as if groping her way in the dark. She came to the low railing which separates footpath from road, and had she not seized this for support, she would have fallen to the ground. She was compelled to pause here for a few minutes, struggling painfully for breath.

It was an hour at which few people were in the park, and the road was practically empty of carriages, and there were many loungers under the trees. Cecilia had paid no heed to these, and she herself had, so far, escaped notice. During all the long hours of her wandering she had been unmolested. But now, as she stood, as if in hesitation, leaning upon the railing, a well-dressed idler, attracted by the sight of the beautiful hair—he could see little of her face strolled up to her, and he began to enter into conversation with the girl. She was alone, and so fair game.

He spoke to her. Cecilia could not distinguish what he said. She was merely conscious of a man standing by her side, and the fact that he was addressing her. She turned her frightened eyes to him in sudden dread lest he was a policeman in plain clothes who was about to arrest her. He laughed lightly as he caught sight of her terrified face, not realising that she was ill and on the point of fainting, appreciative only of her beauty and of his own good judgment.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he began. "Don't be alarmed, I thought you were lonely."

He stretched out his hand to lay it upon her shoulder, but with a sharp cry she sprang away from him and ran blindly forward into the road.

"Look out!" he shouted, and his cry was repeated by coachman and footman of a swiftly-approaching carriage, before which Cecilia in her frenzy of fear had run. It was as though she had stepped from the footway right in front of the horses.

There was a scream of dismay from within the carriage; the coachman tugged violently at the reins; the groom sprang from the box—but it was too late, for Cecilia had been thrown down, falling, by sheer good luck, away from the wheels and out of reach of the horses' hoofs. Her head, however, struck upon the curb, and she lay bleeding and unconscious, but saved from death, which, a moment before, had seemed almost inevitable.

A small crowd collected about her. The idler who had been the cause of the mischief slunk silently away. A policeman rapidly appeared upon the scene and constituted himself the man in authority. He saluted the occupant of the carriage, however, with respect, for Mrs. Paula Chesson, a well-known name, and he knew and respected her as a woman of some importance. She had descended into the road, and was occupying herself with deft hands in ministering to the injured girl.

"I don't think she's badly hurt, ma'am," he said, "but she's a little shocked, and her head on the curb and wounded herself. I painted more from fear than injury, I fancy. It was her own fault. I saw her from over the way dart out in front of the horses.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

Authors of "The Shulamite" (Weekly Dispatch), "The Marriage Trap" (Daily Mail), "The Premier's Daughter" (Daily Mirror).

I'll have the ambulance and take her to St. George's. She'll be all right presently. A lucky escape for her!"—he shook his head significantly—"she might have been killed on the spot."

"I'd sooner take her home with me," returned Mrs. Chesson, "if she can be lifted into the carriage. I live in Sloane-street, close by, you know, and I can have a doctor in to see to her at once. Here's my address." She handed her card to the policeman, and a supercilious familiarity, but Mrs. Chesson, wife of the popular actor-manager, did not recognise how well known she was to the world at large.

Cecilia, accordingly, was lifted into the capacious landau, and still unconscious, was driven to Mrs. Chesson's house, where, by the advice of the hastily-summoned doctor, she was put to bed, and her injuries, which in themselves were of small account, carefully attended to.

"She's got slight concussion," was the ultimate verdict, "and she must be kept perfectly quiet. Don't question her just yet—even if she recovers." Paula Chesson, looking down at the beautiful, Madonna-like face and at the wealth of fair hair, disarranged now owing to the dress-like tangle of wound, wondered who her guest might be and what steps she should take to communicate with the injured girl's relatives.

CHAPTER VI.

Robert Lidiard was working away feverishly in his studio, putting the finishing touches to his picture, "Tracked."

Nearly a week had passed since his attempted suicide and the mysterious disappearance of Cecilia, a week which had played havoc with Robert Lidiard's nerves.

He looked the thin shadow of himself this morning, a man burnt up and consumed by some raging, inward fire, a man tortured by a thousand doubts and fears. He could hardly control himself when he thought about Cecilia, his rage was so hot, so fierce; but he had no anxiety about his wife's welfare. He felt convinced that nothing had happened to her, and that Cecilia was alive, yet he could not forgive her desertion. She must have learnt of his own recovery by now, he reflected, and he fancied she hated the idea of returning to him. She had evidently not forgiven him for having plotted against her life, nor for trying to persuade her to accept death at his hands.

"She lied to me, she went back to her own people," so he thought to himself, but he determined to make no inquiries about his fugitive wife. Let her desert him if she would; he would await his hour of vengeance, the hour when he would punish Cecilia for humbling his pride and for finding happiness apart from him.

He lied boldly about Cecilia to his friends. He told them all, even Montague Stone, that his wife had gone to stay with the uncle and aunt who had brought her up. He admitted that there had been a quarrel, a misunderstanding; also that she could not forgive him for his attempted suicide. So much she had written in a letter, he said, speaking of her very appreciation of truth. Besides, who was to give Robert Lidiard the right to quarrel?

Montague Stone doubted the truth of the story, however, but how could he assert his word against the husband's? He asked Robert to show him Cecilia's letter, a request the other man refused at once.

Cecilia's letter is extremely personal," Robert replied with a touch of haughtiness. "I suppose, Montague, you do not doubt my word?"

The other made no answer at the time, but he redoubled the vigour of his search for Cecilia, a search futile and unavailing. He made another attempt to get information out of Robert Lidiard.

"Who's that? Who's that?" cried out Robert sharply, gazing somewhat nervously over his shoulder as the door of the studio slowly opened. A look of fretful irritation came over his face as Montague Stone entered, for he had grown to hate his former benefactor; also he realised that the other man was suspicious about Cecilia's disappearance.

"Have you any news about Cecilia this morning?" began Montague. He gazed wearily about him. How blank and dreary the studio looked bare of Cecilia's presence, and how he hated the thin, lean man, the man whom he felt in his soul was a liar and a coward.

"No, I have not heard from Cecilia," answered Robert Lidiard sullenly. "I thought I told you, Montague, that she wrote me and I had laid a quarrel."

Robert turned to his picture and began to dash on paint. He was working at the shadowy form, the shadow crouching behind the door, bringing out more devilish malice in the eyes, a more sinister meaning in the face.

Montague lit a cigarette with unsteady fingers. He hardly knew what next to say. He wondered dimly for a second if Robert was really speaking the truth; then a bright idea struck him.

"You might give me Cecilia's address, I should like to write to her. Can't this quarrel of yours be patched up? It isn't like Cecilia to quarrel for long with any one."

He red flush coloured Robert Lidiard's sallow cheeks.

"Cecilia has asked me to keep her address a secret from everyone," he answered slowly. "To

(Continued on page 13.)

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HUNGRY CHILDREN.

How to Develop Their Parents' Consciences and Get Them Properly Fed.

By Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Into the extent to which the children of slum areas go to school, especially during the winter season, hungry and ill-fed, there is no need for me now to go.

Neither do I think any single word of mine is necessary to stimulate the sympathies of those who think the children's needs should be properly met.

Most of us agree that, if we can avoid it, these unhappy scraps of humanity ought not to be allowed to go hungry. Most of us also would be prepared to see the public funds used on their behalf.

What gives hundreds of thousands of serious citizens grave doubt as to how to act is the fear that if the children are fed the unworthy parents will simply get more drunken, and more callously shift their parental responsibility to the shoulders of the community at large.

I suggest that the first thing we have to do is to feed the starving child as a matter of public obligation; then we have to turn to the parent and consider whether the hapless condition of his offspring is a result of his self-indulgence. If so, we have to say to the parent: "Pay up or go to gaol!"

ENTIRELY ON THE RATES.

Then says the sympathetic inquirer after the best way out: "Well, but if you send the parent to gaol, the child will be maintained entirely at the cost of the taxpayer and ratepayer." Very true. Why not?

At present the parent is allowed to neglect his responsibility, and the child is brought up in such a way as to make anyone shudder with apprehension who contemplates the fact that upon his puny shoulders the future well-being of this country will in part rest.

Besides, if a few really worthless parents were vigorously, relentlessly, and promptly followed up in this way, the effect would be to develop a conscience which would very promptly secure to these unhappy children from the hands of their own parents far more appropriate treatment than they get to-day. This is the point of my whole contention.

I can prove it from a reference to the compulsory clauses of the Education Act of 1870. By fining and, in hardened and persistent cases, sending to gaol the most worthless class of parents, you have now secured the regular attendance at school of a mass of children whose parents never thought of allowing them to darken the school door in the early years of the system of compulsion. Had it not been for that compulsion you would never have secured their attendance at all.

Now, suppose to-morrow you abolished these compulsory clauses altogether. The great bulk of these children would still continue in regular attendance at school because, by legislation, you have developed a conscience in favour of such attendance.

CONSCIENCE BY COMPELSION.

I do not suggest that the clauses should be abolished, but I do suggest that we are rapidly reaching a state of affairs at which parents now send their children to school from a sense of moral obligation born of legislative compulsion, who, thirty years ago, could be driven to the execution of their duty solely and exclusively by the direct application of legal compulsion.

So it would be in this case. To-day thousands of children starve and tens of thousands are the recipients of food procured from the hand of charity—and let me point out that the number of children who are daily fed by charitable organisations is rapidly increasing.

All this time the worthless parent shrugs his shoulders and cynically swallows his pot of four-half. So he will continue to do, so long as somebody ministers to the wants of his unhappy offspring, without coming down on him, as we should be able to do under a communal system, for the recovery of the cost wherever that seemed desirable.

Strangely enough, the very people who shrink most from invoking public legal machinery for dealing with this question of underfed children because they think it would undermine parental responsibility are the very people who, from the goodness of their heart, provide that widespread charity which is the most potent means of emasculating the sense of responsibility which they are the most anxious to maintain. T. J. MACNAMARA.

POINTS FOR PLAYGOERS.

A Number of Interesting First Nights Coming in the Near Future.

The next few weeks will see a good many notable productions. The chief of those for which dates are announced at present are these:—

To-morrow (March 28)—Comedy Theatre, "Lady Ben." April 4—Adelphi Theatre, "Hamlet." April 5—Duke of York's Theatre, Mr. Barrie's new play. April 17—Lyric Theatre, Missie Elliott in "Her Own Way." April 18—Imperial Theatre, "Romeo and Juliet." April 24—Adelphi Theatre, "Leah Kleschna." April 26—Drury Lane Theatre, Sir Henry Irving in "Becket."

Italy is to have a version of "A Wife Without a Smile."

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are taking "The Scarlet Pimpernel" on tour, starting on Easter Monday.

"The Gay Parisienne," who shows no signs of growing old in spite of her age, is at the Kennington Theatre this week.

Mrs. Lewis Waller, with her new play, "The Admiral's Lady," "Vilma," and "Zaza," is at the Coronet Theatre this week.

The triple bill at the St. James's is proving a great success. So are Mr. Alexander's appearances as a reciter in the suburbs and provinces.

The Elizabethan Stage Society is giving matinees of the old morality play, "Everyman," at the Coronet on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Mr. Tree's revival of "A Man's Shadow" should attract all who care for a thrilling plot. It is well acted all round, and Mr. Tree himself is seen to great advantage.

Mr. R. C. Carton does not believe any actress could play Portia one night and a modern part equally well the next. Therefore he is against a repertory theatre.

To-morrow night Mr. Lewis Waller is presenting a souvenir at the Imperial—an excellent portrait of himself as Henry V. On Thursday he revives "Monsieur Beaucaire."

In the Adelphi Theatre production of "Hamlet," due on April 4, which is to show us Mr. H. B. Irving as the Prince of Denmark, the other principal parts are thus allotted:—

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| King Claudius | Mr. Oscar Asche. |
| Polonius | Mr. Lyall Swete. |
| Horatio | Mr. H. R. Hignett. |
| Lactes | Mr. Walter Hampden. |
| Short | Mr. Alfred Brydson. |
| First Gravedigger | Mr. Charles Rock. |
| Gertrude | Miss Maud Milton. |
| Ophelia | Miss Lily Brayton. |

DAILY TOOTH-BRUSH DRILL.

Clever American Writer Dilatés on Ugly English Mouths.

In the political economy of nations the tooth-brush is of much more importance than the sword, and tooth-powder is infinitely more important than gunpowder.

So writes Mrs. John Lane in the April "Fortnightly Review," in the course of a plea, both amusing and very sensible, for greater care of the teeth than is customary in this country.

The English have not the habit of going to the dentist; money would waste their teeth, there is nothing to show for it.

They still have teeth out rather than stopped (filled) and when they are all out they replace them on too slight provocation by what American humour calls "store teeth."

Not are the English superstitious, and their complacency, which upholds them in more important things, hinders them to believe that if their fathers muddled along with bad teeth so can they.

If, as it is said, bad teeth are a sign of the degeneracy of a race, then are the sturdy English in a very bad way.

The English used, Mrs. Lane points out, to be always caricatured on the Continent as possessing very prominent front teeth. Now they often have no front teeth at all.

And the worst of it is they do not seem to mind. Yet sometimes, even in England, bad teeth are a disqualification. A man got an important public position the other day simply because his last rival had "such horrid teeth" that the great man who decided between them said "he could not bear to have him always about."

"If I were one of the powers that be," concludes Mrs. Lane, "I should require all board schools to furnish their pupils with tooth-brushes and tooth-powder, and I would open the morning session with a general brushing of teeth. Not only that, but I would have a dentist attached to each school district whose duty it would be to attend to the children's teeth free of charge."

DANCE MUSIC FROM SPAIN.

Some of the most delightful music one could want to hear is to be found amongst the many musical dances of Spain. Two unfamiliar but very charming examples, arranged for violin and orchestra, a "Guajiras" and a "Tango," were introduced at the Symphony concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday, by their composer, Senor Arbos, who played the solo parts himself.

A "Guajiras" is a lively step in six-eight rhythm, and a "Tango" is a graceful movement akin to a "Fandango" or a "Habanera." Both these pretty little dances, which are most piquantly orchestrated, were received with much favour.

They formed an effective contrast to the magnificently impressive rendering of the "Pathetic" symphony which preceded them.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

COWS IN THE PARK.

It is a pity the authorities will not allow the old milk-women in St. James's Park to keep a cow. There is plenty of grass, and a cow is a pleasant sight than a park-pest, who is allowed to sprawl on the grass unchecked.

I am sure many people would like to see a cow or two grazing or chewing the cud in the midst of our great, busy city. It would be a reminder of happy early days in the country. A COUNTRYMAN. Whitehall Court, S.W.

MR. PLOWDEN ON CAT-KILLING.

I wish Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, had read your excellent article on cats. I do not think he would then have said, as he did to-day in court, that a dog which was killing cats was doing "a very useful thing."

This is a direct incentive to cruel people to set their dogs on cats. A magistrate ought to encourage people to be humane, not to be brutal and savage. PHILIPPA ANDREWS. Lancaster-gate, W., March 25.

MR. FILLINGHAM'S NEW CHURCH.

A church of peace in our midst to prevent soldiering is not a happy movement. It would, unfortunately, encourage the hypocritical drift in human nature.

While policemen are necessary—and we know how necessary they are—so is the soldier, occupying as he does a police-station in our outlying parts.

If God by Nature has given to woman the divine instinct of defending herself to her last breath against onslaughts on her honour, how can the men of a nation be brought up to do less? Soldiers there must ever be. C. H. NEUMEYER. Marlborough-road, Merton.

ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In reply to "Scout," I am sorry I cannot corroborate his opinion. During the time I was at the front I heard nothing but complaints as to the tinned meats, jams, etc.

During the final peace conference we halted between Heilbron and Frankfurt, where plenty of fresh meat and bread could have been obtained for us, but, instead, we were supplied with half rations, including bulky beef, the tins in which it was packed being rusty and the beef bad. This happened on numerous other occasions.

The tins of rations (stew) were all more or less sour, and with the assistance of the rotten slime called jam, caused many a death from dysentery. The only firm who sent out good jams were Messrs. Keiller and Sons, of Dundee.

TROOPER IN BRUCE HAMILTON'S DIVISION. Southcliffe-road, Southampton.

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

I would like to ask the critics of alcohol, the leaders of the medical profession, a question. If it should be their fate to be thrown upon a desert island with nothing but three barrels of water, or one with two barrels of water and one of whisky, which would they prefer?

I think a good many of the leaders of the medical profession, when they tackled the question of alcohol on the Embankment on Friday, must have been speaking with their tongues in their cheeks.

The fact of the matter is that alcohol is not the cure of England. The curse of England is greed, vulpine and vulturous selfishness, and self-aggrandisement; and who can wonder if the grey, niggard lives of the bulk of the people should be associated with a large consumption of that which is after all one of God's best gifts to man?

DAVID JAMES, M.D. Edin. 2, Ashworth-mansions, Elgin-avenue, W.

A DOGGY FRAUD.

There is a canine impostor going about London. So says Mr. Sims in the "Referee." Some nights ago a poor-looking terrier was found on the doorstep of one of Mr. Sims' friends. He was taken in, limping painfully on three legs. After a good meal and much petting, he limped to the door next morning, and when it was opened departed cheerfully on all four feet.

The same evening I was seen on another doorstep, padding up one paw. The door was opened, and he limped in on three legs. But he was not welcomed, and was gently deposited upon the pavement again, whereupon he trotted off without a symptom of lameness. This is the kind of lame dog who needs no help over a stile.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

SONGS WITHOUT MUSIC. By Florence Gertrude Attenborough. Weekes, 1s. A book of dainty words, ready for the song-writer.

THE SIREN'S NET. By Florence Roosevelt. Unwin, 6s. Dedicated to the American President by his kinswoman. A story of the trials and difficulties of musical students on the Continent. Bears the stamp of truth.

A PREFACE TO THE BUDGET: How to Save, How to Spend, and How to Tax. By Francis W. Hirst. Alston Rivers, 1s. Politics in intent, but pointed out the various ways in which the 200 millions spent by the present Government on the Boer war might have been employed to benefit humanity.

UNIVERSAL RECOGNITION.

UNRIVALLED SUCCESS OF "ANTIPON."

There is no end to the flow of grateful letters from men and women in all parts of the world who have found normal proportions by the unailing aid of "Antipon." Day after day the number is added to, and every letter is most carefully preserved by the "Antipon" Company in proof of genuineness. The newspaper Press throughout the entire country has also, by the large number of special articles which have appeared in leading journals, contributed in no small degree to the popularity of "Antipon," and every issue containing such articles is filed for inspection (if desired) at the offices of the company.

It is not only as the most successful weight-reducer—indeed, the only really reliable permanent remedy for obesity—ever discovered, but its splendoric and strengthening properties have given entire satisfaction. "Antipon" in fact is now regarded by all competent authorities as the "fortifying cure for corpulence." A course of "Antipon" consistently followed will not only surely bring back the grace, beauty, and elegance the face and figure once possessed, but will greatly increase muscular strength and strengthen the nervous system, thus giving power which in the partly debilitated condition due to excessive fat development, are so often deteriorated, as shown in the lack of stamina and staying power which stout persons so frequently deplore. "Antipon" restores vitality—makes one thoroughly "fit" in body and brain.

"Antipon" is the exact opposite of the methods of fat reduction which is based on drugs (mostly with mineral poisons), violent strain by exhausting exercises, and a semi-starvation diet. There are, unfortunately, still some belated individuals who are undermining their constitutions by such evil practices. "Antipon" requires no hel, except that of ample nourishing food of good quality. There are no restrictions of an irritating nature. Outdoor exercise by all means, but no exhausting walks. Above all, no drugs! "Antipon" is a treatment in itself. It is a pleasant-tasting liquid, slightly tart, of purely non-mineral ingredients, and quite harmless. The course may be followed without the least personal inconvenience or publicity. No credit need be taken of the treatment has been adopted. "Antipon" is neither laxative nor the reverse, nor has it the slightest disturbing effect upon the stomach, liver, or kidneys.

"Antipon" has a wonderful action upon the digestive organs, in this way: it promotes a keen appetite, and thus calls for increased food. Food, however, is not to be taken when properly digested. This work "Antipon" assists by perfecting the digestive process and aiding assimilation and nutrition. Thus the blood is enriched and purified, the circulation improved, and the whole system strengthened and revitalised.

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The "Christian Age":—"Antipon" not only possesses the power of permanently reducing fatness, but is a splendid tonic, which, by increasing appetite and revivifying the digestive powers, assists in the re-nourishment and muscular development of the body."

"Illustrated London News":—"Antipon" not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

"Great Thoughts":—"A most economical treatment for the permanent cure of obesity, and, at the same time, the most reliable and beneficial ever known, is provided by 'Antipon,' a remedy which has met with the most gratifying success."

"The Lady's Pictorial":—"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat absorbent 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

"Antipon" is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13a, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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COLOUR INFLUENCES UPON HEALTH—THE NEW WHITE CURE.

AN EXPENSIVE FAD.

WHY BLACK SHOULD NOT BE WORN.

The so-called white cure is a new craze that is very much in requisition at present. The one drawback to it is that it is expensive, and to be of any good must be permanent. It takes time, money, many gowns, and numerous paraphernalia of various kinds. More than this, it requires a special apartment in which the cure can be taken.

The white cure is one form of rest-cure. The patient is dressed in a white gown, and for several hours a day sits in a white room resting her eyes and nerves. The room must be perfect in every respect. The light must be modulated, so that the white furniture is changed from a glare to a dull soothing tone. And the ceiling must be of the right height in order that the room may not seem either too low or too tall. Besides this there must be just the right amount of heating and just the right amount of fresh air. It must be artistic and it must be particularly soothing.

Red Rooms and Irritability.

The idea is based upon the opinion of a physician who asserts that his patients would be better off physically if they were to pay more attention to their colour tones. Red, he says, is too heating, and is an absolutely irritating environment to certain dispositions. It is bad in summer and worse in winter. Never surround yourself with all red. Yellow is better, though it is depressing.

Blue is too cold. Pink is better, but it, too, is open to the same objection as red; seen in too great a quantity it is exciting. A little pink is warm and good, but it is not a soothing colour for the nerves.

The worst nerve colour is black. It is a depressing tone, a shade which should never be chosen if one is nursing the sick or is associated with a nervous person. Children are particularly susceptible to the influence of black, and will sometimes cry if a person in this sombre garb goes near them. Babies never can endure black.

Green Should Not Be Overdone.

Brown is a colour which sets the nerves jumping. Green is all very well, but it is unbearably and unsatisfactory. So it comes to this, that the best colour for any woman to choose is all white. It is the tone which is chosen, and rightly, too, for children, and it is one which grown-up people should seek. Have white about you. Wear it if you can. But if you cannot wear it, then furnish your rooms in white as much as possible.

The white cure is recommended to women in society who work so hard at entertaining that they require a salutary nerve treatment. The patient who is undergoing the white cure spends a couple of hours alone in her white room, the walls of which are papered in white with a Japanese design in tiles round the edge, extending upwards to a considerable height.

One room in which the cure has been found effective has a little fountain in the middle of it, while all round it there are white plants growing. The furniture of the room is all of white enamel, which need not be a very costly possession.

DISCOVERIES.

PAINT WELL WASHED.

First of all make a good lather of soap by boiling one ounce of soap in half a gallon of water—rain-water if possible. This is a far more economical plan than rubbing the soap on a brush or flannel. Wash the paint in the soapy lather, dry it first with a cloth which has been wrung out of warm water, and then with a clean, dry duster, and the result will be excellent.

STIES ON THE EYELIDS.

These are very frequently due to general debility, though they are sometimes due to a defect in the

vision. If of frequent occurrence and aggravated symptoms it is wise to consult a doctor. Bathing the part with warm boracic lotion will help to reduce the inflammation, and after gently but thoroughly drying it, a little boracic ointment may be rubbed on the lid very carefully. A specially soft boracic ointment is prepared by many chemists for this purpose.

TO KEEP PLANTS FRESH.

An excellent resource when leaving home without anybody to look after the plants is to place a bowl of water upon a table and the plants on the floor, inserting a length of worsted weighted at the end into the bowl, and allowing the other end to hang over the side, but a little below the bottom

should be made of butter-cloth, should be filled with the following mixture:—one pound of fine oatmeal, two quarts of clean bran, one and a half pounds of the best powdered orris root, one and a half pounds of almond meal, one pound of the best white Castile soap (powdered), and three ounces of primrose sachet. Mix these ingredients together and keep the result in a glass jar, filling little bags with it as they are needed.

POTATOES AND CHEESE.

One of the most delicious of French vegetable dishes is potatoes prepared with cheese. After six or seven potatoes have been boiled until they are mealy, mash them as smooth as possible, adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper



The shirt on the left is made of white cambric with eyelet-hole embroidery upon it, and the dress bodice is a cloth one of the new garnet shade, with velvet facings and a fitted waistcoat to match.

of the bowl. This will syphon the water from the bowl and drop it slowly on the plants below. If a good sized bowl is used the plants will look after themselves for weeks treated in this way.

HOW TO MAKE BATH BAGS.

Bath bags are very pleasant to use both for the body and the face, making a delightfully cleansing lather, and giving a soft velvet-like surface to the skin and whitening it as well. The bags, which

to them and enough hot milk to make them quite soft. Grate half a cupful of cheese and beat it into the mashed potatoes, and grate a thin layer of cheese over the top; then set the whole into the oven until the cheese toasts. It is now ready to serve. Another method is to cut some boiled potatoes into rather large pieces, as if for frying, and arrange them in a baking-dish. Grate cheese over each layer of potatoes, pour a thin cream dressing over all the layers, grate a layer of cheese on the top, and brown it.

the 'Masque of Sin'? Montague inquired languidly. He flicked some cigarette-ash away, remembering how Cecilia used to hand him a little ashtray. She was always vigilant of the comfort of men-folk.

"I have not the faintest idea," replied Robert Lidiard. "I only know that the man who bought my 'Masque of Sin' was wise in his generation. For, mark you, that picture will double its value before another year is out, and oh, the other pictures I have in my brain to paint! The crowning of Satan, for instance, that was a subject that always distressed Cecilia, but then she was a sentimentalist about religion."

Robert Lidiard was interrupted in his speech by the entrance of Sally. Sally, who bustled in with an air of some importance, announced that a gentleman had come to see her master, the gentleman who had purchased the "Masque of Sin."

"Show him up, show him up," Robert Lidiard exclaimed in quick, staccato tones, his eyes sparkling with excitement, his whole body betraying a quivering eagerness.

He turned to Montague with a light laugh. "This is nothing to what will be happening soon," he murmured. "Purchasers will be trooping up the stairs. I shall never be able to paint enough pictures to satisfy my public."

"I'll take myself off," remarked Montague. He

rose from the chair as he spoke, and moved heavily towards the door.

Robert Lidiard made no effort to detain him, nor was it natural that he should under the circumstances. He stood up by the side of his easel, his face aglow with colour, for he was keenly excited at the prospect of the forthcoming interview. He had tasted gold that morning, and now he was to meet the man who had fed him so liberally, the man who might have more to offer in the future. All the artist, and all the sensualist in Robert Lidiard's nature rose up to greet the opportunity, to hail the patron. Yet when the studio door opened and a man came in, Robert Lidiard stepped back with a hoarse cry, and his face turned an ashen grey.

"Julian Darell, Julian Darell!" he panted. "In God's name where have you sprung from?"

His voice expressed keen fear, his attitude cringing terror.

Julian Darell laughed softly. He was a fair man of about thirty.

"I have sprung from Paris," he said in cold tones, "where I had the pleasure of purchasing your 'Masque of Sin.' Are you surprised to see me?"

Robert Lidiard gave no answer, but he gazed at the other entreatingly, despairingly.

(To be continued.)

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SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

tell you the truth, she is sick of Bohemia; she has gone back to the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Montague Stone sat down in a large armchair, and rested his heavy, rather anxious-looking face on his hand. He felt as if he had run up against a brick wall and realised how impossible it would be to extort the truth from Robert.

"I have received a cheque for my picture, 'The Masque of Sin,'" observed Robert Lidiard after a brief pause. "I heard from the dealer this morning, and he writes that the purchaser intends to call upon me this afternoon—to give me another commission, I suppose. Well, he is lucky to be first in the field. I shall soon have no difficulty in disposing of my pictures, eh?"

Insufferable arrogance breathed in the man's voice, but Montague was too concerned about Cecilia to take much notice. Disagreeable as Robert Lidiard had been in the days of his poverty, success had made him a million times worse. He literally breathed conceit, his manners were almost intolerable.

"Do you know the name of the man who bought

The total score in the International Draughts Tournament at Boston is now:-British team, 66 games won; American, 29 games won; 201 games drawn. The eight games played by Mr. Dearborn, one of the American players, have been cancelled, he having withdrawn from the tournament owing to nervous prostration.

